THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SIGH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ION.

"Sighing like a furnace to his mistress' eyebrows."
—*Shakspeare.*

From the valley across the hill,
As west the zephyrs fly,
There floats above the meadows still
The forge's constant sigh.

Oh, ever thus it is with life:
As sluggish years roll by,
There floats from out the bosom's strife
A mournful, constant sigh!

Within the forge there burns a fire,
And in our hearts the same;
To stop the sigh as you desire
There needs to quench the flame.

But quench the flame, you quench the life,
And deadened is the coal;
And stop the passion's ceaseless strife,
You quench the burning soul.

And whilst the fires of life do burn,
Man's lot is one of care:
For to what breast so e'er we turn
A sigh is cradled there.

A PAINTER'S COURTSHIP

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning Mrs. Cunningham came for a sitting. She did not again allude to the story which she had related on the previous day. This I regretted, as my own mind was full of the subject, and I was eagerly anxious to obtain further information respecting it. I proceeded with the likeness mechanically, my thought being but little bent upon my work; and I was not sorry when, at two o'clock, the sitting came to an end.

I now decided to go immediately into the city, and consult my solicitor on the matter that was so seriously disturbing my mind. I felt that it would be a relief to me to acquaint him with all I had discovered, and to take his opinion as to how I had better act. On my way to his office, I found myself passing Somerset House, and, yielding to a momentary impulse, I entered the Register Office for the purpose of ascertaining whether the information given me respecting old Greerson's marriage had been correct.

As I knew the date of the marriage approximately, my search was not a long one. The indices soon revealed the name of Nathaniel Greerson, and I was now referred to the marriage returns themselves, that I might discover if the entry thus indicated were the one I required.

Upon examination, I felt satisfied that it was so. The bridegroom was described as a merchant, his residence stated to be No. —, Queen Square, and his age entered at seventy years. The bride's years were given—(she had been but seventeen at the time of the marriage,) and her name was entered as Lucy Rose, her father's being given as William Truefitt Rose.

On referring to neighboring entries, I observed that it was not usual to enter the ages precisely. "Of full age," or "minor," were the words which ordinarily filled in the age column. I concluded that the extraordinary difference between the years of the bride and bridegroom had, in the case now under my notice, induced the clergyman to insert the exact figures.

To my surprise, my lawyer appeared to think little of the data upon which my suspicions were founded, while he could not conceal his amusement at my midnight adventure. He advised me to set my mind at rest, and to say no more to any one on the subject which I had referred to him. If, indeed, Mr. Duncome were guilty, he contended, clearer evidences than any I could adduce would be needed to prove him so; while, even if my feeling were simply that what I had learnt was sufficient to warrant the institution of inquiries, he would still recommend me to be silent for the present. These arguments silenced but did not satisfy me; however, as I had considerable faith in the opinion of my legal friend, I resolved to act upon them.

I dined at Pimlico that evening, reaching Wilhelmina Street, however, at the early hour of eleven. As I went into the hall I observed Miss Coles just lighting her candle, preparatory to going to her room for the night. Perhaps an extra glass or two of wine had raised the temperature of my affections above its average. Certain it is, that as the graceful creature floated up-stairs in her light, fairy-like dress, turning towards me as she did so with a bow and a smile, I felt more deeply sensible of her charms than I had done before. I was determined, indeed, not to let her go without exchanging a word or two with her; and, fortunately, an idea struck me at the instant, which rendered a brief conversation possible.

"Miss Coles," I said, softly, just as the fair little sprite had reached the top of the first flight of stairs, "may I take the liberty of detaining you for half a minute?"

"Certainly," she replied, in a tone which did not seem to betoken displeasure.

I walked up to within a stair or two of her, and then said, in an undertone—

"I have a favor to ask of you. I trust I shall not offend you by asking it?"

"I will undertake to promise so much," she answered, blushing.

"You are aware I am a painter?"

She inclined her head.

"I should esteem it the greatest kindness if you would oblige me with a couple of sittings in my studio."

Miss Coles's face at once assumed a look of great perplexity.

"I am much engaged," she interrupted.

"I would not trespass long," I resumed, "upon your time."

I was speaking now with agitation that must have been apparent.

"I will think of it," Miss Coles said, after a few moments' hesitation, "and let you know in the morning;" and then the black stairs swallowed up my fairy, and I was left to my reflections.

"I am in love with that girl," I said to myself, as I went to my room; and the dreams which visited me afterwards certainly tended to confirm the notion.

I was hardly awake next morning, when the page entered my room with hot water and a message.

Miss Coles would be at my service at twelve o'clock to-day for an hour and half.

It will hardly be believed with what delight and yet what agitation, I received this communication. I had not for a moment expected that my request would be complied with. Feeling must surely have operated to counteract Miss Coles's reserve, and to bring about this ready assent to my wish. I grew hopeful.

Immediately after breakfast, I hastened to my studio, to prepare for the reception of my lovely model. In doing so, I upset a jar of oil, and trod to destruction a tube of brown madder.

At twelve o'clock precisely, there came a knock at the door. A minute or two more, and Miss Coles was enthroned opposite me, and I had begun her portrait.

To my grief and perplexity, she was even more reserved than ever. There was no breaking the ice. Again and again I tried, but only to fail on each occasion more signally than before. At last I relinquished the attempt, and proceeded with my work in silence.

With the likeness I succeeded. The painter who admires a face is generally able to portray it. I hit off the features and expression to-day with more than average happiness. The tender gray eyes; the straight, calm eyebrows; the delicate *retrousse* nose; the full and rosy lips; the gentle, sweet sadness that pervaded the whole face—I had noted repeatedly, and now found myself well able to represent.

After a while I observed an uneasy movement on the part of my model. She intimated to me that the scent of the colors had affected her, and that she felt faint. I had scarcely had time to realize what she said, when she absolutely fainted away. I sprang forward to save her from falling. The suddenness of my movement rendered it an awkward one. My hand caught in a slender chain which encircled the lady's throat, and suddenly dragged from her bosom a large-sized and old-fashioned locket, the snap of the chain giving way with the violence of the jerk, and the locket falling open on the ground.

For a few minutes I was too much engaged in the attempt to recover Miss Coles herself to think about the fate of the trinket; but as soon as she began to come round a little, I stooped to pick it up. I examined it to ascertain the extent of the damage it had sustained.

But as I did so, my eyes fell upon words which electrified me. Within the golden case were two locks of silken baby-hair. Across one of them, worked in golden thread, was the name "Ada;" across the other "Lucy;" and on the inside of the cover was this inscription, engraved in plain large characters:

"Ada and Lucy, twin daughters of William Truefitt and Ada Rose, born 9th April, 184—."

Of course my mind instantly recurred to the marriage register which I had read yesterday. From that moment "Miss Coles's" history was clear to me; and thus I arrived at my conclusions:—the locket had been a mother's relic of the babyhood of two loved daughters. The mother—one sister, were gone; the other sister treasured up the relic still. And as I knew that "*Lucy*"—who had been forced into a marriage with old Greerson—was the survivor of her sister, my inference was that the lady before me, the silent, shy, sensitive lady, respecting whom the doctor had told me quite a different story, was herself none other than that identical "*Lucy*."

I was right.

She was too unwell to observe the opportunity I had had for making the discovery; and although I determined to let her know I had made it, I had enough to do now to bring her out of her fainting fit. With fingers trembling with agitation, and, as the mirror informed me, with face pale as that of my patient, I poured her out some wine which I kept by me for the refreshment of my sitters, while I bathed her temples with eau-de-cologne.

These restoratives had the desired effect. "Miss Coles" smiled, rose, and apologized.

When I saw that she had really recovered, I said:

THE MEETING ON THE STAIRS.

"Will you kindly sit down once more? I have something particular to say to you."

She sat down, looking at me, however, with a wondering and frightened gaze. I also seated myself. I did not know how to begin—I hesitated, and grew confused. At the moment I felt like a rook which has left the rookery in a terrible gale of wind. I could not think what was to be the end of my adventure.

"My dear lady," I began, with faltering voice, "when I asked you to come into this room, I had no notion of speaking to you as I am now about to speak. I asked you merely because I was desirous to paint your portrait—"

"And you have done so," said "Miss Coles," quickly. "I will leave now, if you please."

She rose again as she spoke, and turned deadly pale.

"Stay!" I said. "What I have to tell you is important—important to yourself as well as to me. Let me beg you to listen; I will be as brief as possible."

Once more she resumed her seat. Her face, white and eager, was watching mine, as it were, with every feature.

"Miss Coles," I said, "you have wonderfully excited my interest and affection."

She instantly covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Say no more!" she sobbed. "For Heaven's sake, say no more. You don't know what you talk of. There is an insuperable difficulty in the way. It is impossible I can ever think of you. Let me go—it will kill me if I stay."

This language, while it pained me, also gave me encouragement.

"The important part of what I have to say," I continued, gently detaining the sobbing girl as I spoke, "or at least the part that you will most immediately recognize as important—remains untold."

She checked her tears, and gazed at me again.

"Dear lady," I went on, "the difficulty you allude to no longer exists. The man who called himself your husband is no more. By a strange series of coincidences, I have learnt the facts of your relationship to Mr. Greerson—and of Mr. Greerson's death. You are at liberty to reciprocate my affection if you will."

She stood up, flushed, staring, excited.

"How do you know?" she exclaimed. "Who told you my name? Who dared to talk of my connection with that man? Dead! you say? Let me hear more. I cannot believe all this."

I begged her to calm herself, and then, as succinctly as I was able, related to her the facts which the last two or three days had unfolded to me, suppressing, however, my suspicions with regard to the doctor.

When I was silent she again wept, but now in a manner less agonized than before.

Poor, friendless, injured child! It never occurred to me to blame her for what she had done, although others, I afterwards discovered, thought her blameworthy. I admired, on the contrary, the bold independence of spirit that had nerved her to escape from the thraldom of the hateful marriage to which she had been so cruelly urged. I honored her for the scrupulous modesty which had rendered her so unapproachable during the time when her true position was unknown to most of those about her.

We talked for some time. I scarcely know what I said. But I am certain that I left Lucy no room to doubt what were my feelings towards herself; and I am equally sure that every word she uttered added to my conviction of her goodness and truth, and solid worth. We talked, say half an hour. Then she left me with this injunction:

"Say nothing to any one here."

I had not expected any answer to my own declaration of attachment. I saw and appreciated the good taste which for the present refused to entertain the question; and cordially acquiesced, although I had not said so, in the postponement of its consideration. Poor Lucy had had enough to agitate her for now. I determined not to add to her agitation if I could help it.

CHAPTER V.

Two days passed. I did not see "Miss Coles," (or, as I had now learnt mentally to call her—Lucy.) I fostered in my minde very considerate allowance for her delicate and trying position; but still I was deeply anxious to hear from her lips some word of encouragement. I trembled for my fate as I waited on. Inquiries I made perpetually; of the servants, of Mrs. Duncome, even of the doctor—notwithstanding my shrinking from him. But the answer to my eager queries was always the same. Miss Coles was unwell, and unable to leave her room. I strove to occupy myself incessantly. I employed all my odd half-hours. But to banish Lucy from my memory was beyond my power; and commingled with my anxious thoughts of her, were others respecting the doctor and his deceptions, which sometimes well nigh overwhelmed me with apprehension.

On the third day after my interview with Lucy in the studio, I observed as I came home to dinner, a heavily laden cab waiting at the door of No. 6. It was a wild and stormy afternoon, such as to depress one's spirits, even if one's circumstances were otherwise cheerful. A painful suspicion seized me, that Lucy was leaving. As I entered, this suspicion was realized. She was coming out at the moment. She seemed distressed at seeing me; I could not, however, clearly trace her features, for they were partially hidden by a veil. I had not the opportunity to address to her a word of remonstrance, for the servants were standing about, and Mrs. Duncome herself was looking on. Lucy quickly gave me her hand, and vanished.

How can I describe the sorrow which I now felt? It is impossible to do so. For some time my grief was almost insupportable. I threw myself upon a sofa in my studio, and lamented the luckless day, and the mistaken recommendation which had brought me to Wilhelmina Street. After a while, however, I remembered that I should shortly be expected at the dinner-table, and hastened to dress myself.

And now I discovered that a note was lying upon my dressing-table. I knew the writing, and broke the seal immediately.

Within the envelope there was no letter. There was simply an address written clearly upon a sheet of note paper, and underneath it—were these words:—

"If, at the end of a year from this time, you wish to put any question to me, you may find me at the above address. In the meantime I cannot consent to hold any communication with you. Lucy."

A year—a long twelve months! Well, even that was better than I feared. And yet an Autumn, a Christmas, a slow-growing Spring between Lucy and me! It was terrible. Ages seemed enfolded in those fifty-two weeks. Still I argued, I have a definite something to look forward to. May I not, after all, detect in this brief message something like encouragement? If she desired to dismiss me, if she found it impossible to reciprocate my affection, would she write as she does? No. She wishes to try whether or not my love is real, and at the same time to interpose between the death of her husband and our engagement a suitable period of time.

This view of the subject acted upon my moral nature as a tonic or cold bath does upon one's physical frame. It braced and strengthened my mind. I suppressed all evidence of emotion, and went down to the dining-room.

It was long past the hour for dinner, but as Mrs. Duncome informed me, her husband had not come in. We waited on silently, listening to the wild dash of the rain against the windows.

I sat thinking how in my garden at home the tender opening leaves were suffering laceration; how the petals of the apple blossom were being strewn like summer snow.

Mrs. Duncome was evidently uneasy. I did not know what to talk about to relieve the embarrassment of the occasion. At length, referring to the subject uppermost in my mind, I remarked:

"So Miss Coles has left you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Duncome, in a tone quite sorrowful, "and I cannot conceive on what account, for I always, at Mr. Duncome's particular desire, refrained from asking any questions as to her private affairs. I suppose some unexpected occurrence, unconnected with us, has decided her to make this sudden move. But I am much grieved. Although I never got on anything like intimate terms with her, yet I have always found her a most agreeable, kind, and lady-like companion. I have not," added poor Mrs. Duncome, while the tears came into her eyes—"I have not so many friends that I can afford to lose her."

I felt guilty. It was I who had driven Lucy away.

We waited on for a full hour more. Still no Doctor came. The assistant and apprentice were questioned, but they knew nothing. At last it was thought best that we should proceed with dinner, and we did so in perfect silence.

By this time I had begun to suspect the real state of the case. I saw in the Doctor's absence merely the consummation of the story which I had gradually learnt. In my own mind I made out the history thus. Mr. Duncome had probably learnt that suspicion with regard to him was aroused. He had seen that the tables were turning against him, and had fled before surmise could take the form of inquiry.

All that evening Mrs. Duncome looked for her husband's return in vain. Next day whispers reached her of the truth. Her agony is not to be described—and how was it possible for me to console her?

A few days more, and the story of the poisoning in Queen Square was known and talked of all over London. A clearly connected chain of facts, quite independent of those I had become acquainted with, joined the guilty man to his crime. I remained on at Wilhelmina Street, making it my endeavor, so far as I was able, to soothe the poor heart-broken wife, who, in addition to her greater trouble, was now doomed to discover daily new pecuniary entanglements of her husband's. All assistance that I could render the poor woman I gladly afforded her; but it was little indeed that I could do to help her.

I now came to be deeply thankful to my lawyer for having hindered me from taking any steps in the sad matter, which had at length become clear without my evidence. I must say I fully expected my name to be mixed up in the story. But inquiry did not need my assistance, and I

was only too glad to keep clear of the affair altogether.

My principal fear now was for poor Lucy. I waited in the greatest anxiety to hear whether she became involved in the painful business. Yes. The blow fell at last. The tale of the young wife long missing—and of the sudden departure of the beautiful girl from Wilhelmina Street, got wind simultaneously. Vulgar suspicion fell upon the gentle, unfortunate girl. A trial—of which I never dare to think—came on. But Lucy bore up under it with the greatest fortitude and calmness. I need not say that during this terrible calamity I was constantly near her, despite her prohibition. But seldom, even now, did I intrude myself upon her personally; and never, to utter those sentiments which, for a while, she had forbidden me to mention. It was my privilege and happiness, nevertheless, to be near her continually, and in many ways (although indirectly) to lighten, as I trust, the burden of her sorrow.

Her spotless character was at last acknowledged. She came forth out of the fiery ordeal unscathed. If many continued to blame her for leaving the hateful old miser, who had presumed to call her "wife," none dared at last to whisper that she was otherwise than innocent.

With regard to the Doctor, the true story was this. Soon after Lucy's flight from Greerson, Duncome had become acquainted with the miser, had measured his weak and childish character, had resolved to work upon it for his own advantage. Simultaneously with the commencement of this acquaintance, Lucy, by the strange coincidence to which I have referred, had come (through advertisement) to reside at the Doctor's. He had not been long in discovering who she was; and, desiring above all things to keep his dupe in ignorance of her whereabouts, he had done his utmost to further her incognita, while she herself had been wholly unaware that he knew her story at all.

The Doctor had played his game well. After eighteen months of cajolery, he had induced the now childish old man to make a new will in his favor. The stress of money embarrassments had, just at the time of my advent to his house, urged him to hasten, by poison, the death which was to resuscitate his dead fortunes. But his pyramid had given way (as such pyramids will) while the erection was yet incomplete. Suspicion had arisen before the guilt-earned money could be secured. Hasty flight had followed, and who shall say what else? Certain it is, that Dr. Duncome has never since been heard of. The will which he had helped to frame, while it completed the evidence against himself, added the last touch to that which cleared poor dear Lucy. It shut her out from the smallest benefit of any kind to arise to her from her husband's death; and although this will has been overthrown, and a former one, leaving her large property, is legally in force, she has never consented to touch a farthing of the handsome fortune which is properly her own.

A wild exciting time it was while the facts of the Doctor's crime were coming to light, and while Lucy's innocence was gradually unfolding itself to the world. A lurid glare seemed to me to touch all human affairs with a vivid, painful brightness. Life burned in a flame of agonizing intensity, and the trifles of common-place existence dwindled into indistinguishable sparks.

But rest came. I now reflected that I should best please Lucy by returning to my ordinary duties until the prescribed twelve months should have elapsed. Accordingly I left London—although at the cost of much self-disciplino—and spent the days again in my cool, quiet studio in Somersetshire, hoping to wile away the long hours of separation from my darling by incessant employment at my loved art.

The days, though many of them pleasant, seemed long—long indeed. But, somehow, the extended hours got twisted into that compact coil—the Past; somehow, the tardy sands fell through.

Autumn came, with mad equinoctial blasts, and swirling eddies of yellow leaves; but my love stood steady—fresh and green as the holly whose bough tapped at my study window. Winter followed—chill, silent, death-like; but my heart was full of the warm, noisy life of a man's one affection.

And then—Spring. The time longed for above all times which I had ever yet anticipated. The violet, the primrose, the cowslip had each in its turn delighted me with its perfume; and at last I went and gathered my Flower of flowers, and heard from Lucy's own lips that no affection of mine for her could possibly be stronger than her own for me!

Poor child! she had gone through much. But her troubles, thank Heaven! and mine, too, were over now. I made her my wife, and she is queen of my country home.

I often used to wonder at first to what end it was that Providence had made me the witness of the Doctor's guilt. Why had it been ordained that a singular string of coincidences should reveal to *me* facts so ugly and distressing?

But I always reflect now, that those same coincidences also effectually taught—to the man who was destined to be her stay and sympathiser—the circumstances of *Lucy's* "strange, eventful history." EDWARD WHITAKER.

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT CAMBRIDGE.—The following pleasing account is given of the recent visit of the Princess of Wales to the University town of Cambridge:

The conduct of the Princess of Wales at Cambridge won the hearts of all who came in contact with her, or even looked upon her. "The true secret," says an observer, "lies in the Princess' simplicity of manner; in the openness and unrestrainedness of her enjoyment. It seems to tell of her earlier years, of narrow fortunes, simple habits, small state and scanty pleasures; and one cannot but wish that it may long survive the influence of English Court etiquette, and the freezing, fettering, soul-subduing influences of English Court life."

"An account is given of an undergraduate, who, in imitation of Raleigh's gallantry to Queen Elizabeth, spread his gown on the pathway for the Princess to walk on. The Princess paused for a moment, as if puzzled and startled by the sudden act of superfluous devotion; but when one of the suite had whispered a word of explanation, it was charming to see how sedulously she lifted her dress, to show the dazzling and rather abashed proprietor of the purple toga of Trinity that she was actually setting her foot on the gown, bowing her acknowledgments to him at the same time."

☞ A young married couple, while bathing on the shore near Gloucester, Mass., on Saturday evening, had their clothes stolen. The husband made a raid, and procured, "substitutes" for both.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

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OUR NEW DRESS.

We have had a number of opinions already as to the new attire of THE POST, the majority being very favorable. Of course we knew that some of our old readers would not like the change—nor any change, for that matter—and we feel complimented that they do not; but our reasons were satisfactory to ourselves, and would be so to them if they understood the subject as well as we do.

But a correspondent at Havana, New York, complains that we "do not give near as much reading matter as formerly—just six columns less." He also says: "For myself, I would rather pay a shilling or two more a year than have suffered such a change."

Now our "faithful reader" is mistaken, and he can easily convince himself of that. Let him count the number of lines of matter in a column, (not the first page, that is not an average column,) in the old, and then in the new form. We think he will find 153 lines in the new column, and in the old only 129 lines. Now multiply 153 lines by 40 columns, and you will have 6,120 lines; and multiply 129 lines by 48 columns, and you will have 6,192 lines—only 72 lines more. Besides, you will find that the new type averages more letters in a line than the old; and that the advertisements, being set up in smaller type, occupy less room than before.

Our correspondent's offer to "pay a shilling or two more," is one, we are afraid, that we shall have to accept from all of our subscribers. With paper more than doubled in price, and still increasing in price every month, how is it to be supposed that newspaper publishers can do much better than double their prices also? Either that, or greatly to reduce the size of their sheets, would seem to be inevitable if the present state of things does not soon begin to mend.

WASHINGTON.

In contemplating the character of General Washington, one fact has probably occurred to many,—the predominance in his mental organization of those traits which distinguish the natives of the North as compared with those of the extreme South. His was not the careless, impetuous, fervid nature which is so commonly found under a southern sun; on the contrary, his heat was of so restrained and central a kind, that he was often termed by superficial observers cold and phlegmatic; while he was prudent, methodical, and slow to wrath even beyond the average of northern men. How unlike a southerner, for instance, was it to keep an accurate account of all his personal expenditures when commander-in-chief, even to the very pennies. How unlike a southerner to apologize to an adversary, even after receiving a blow, and instead of sending a challenge, calmly acknowledge that he was in the wrong.

But the truth is that Virginia and the other border states are really in their climate and natural productions more of the North than of the South. And putting aside the strong connection established between them and the cotton states by both parties being interested in the institution of slavery, we are inclined to think that the natural affinities, not only of Virginians and Kentuckians, but also of North Carolinians and Tennesseans, would attach them through the innate force of sympathy of ideas and character to the northern states, and, more particularly, to the more moderate central states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

Washington himself was probably always more popular with the Northern than with the Southern people. All his ideas were those of the North, in those matters, such as slavery, where the two sections differed. And, as we have said, the leading traits of his character were essentially Northern.

So much in preface to a statement that appears to be well founded, that Washington himself preferred the North to the South. It is given in the Life of Alexander Hamilton, recently published by his son. It is well known that party spirit never raged more fiercely in this country than at the close of Washington's administration and during that of John Adams. Threats of "dissolving the Union" were freely indulged in by heated partisans, and many good citizens feared that such a catastrophe would take place. In Mr. Jefferson's private papers of that period is one endorsed in his own handwriting, "Heads of Information given me by E. Randolph," in which the following sentence occurs: "The President (Washington,) speaking with Randolph on the hypothesis of a separation of the Union into Northern and Southern, said *he had made up his mind to remove, and be of the North.*"

Randolph is said to have enjoyed the complete confidence of General Washington; and that Mr. Jefferson should have entered the matter in his notes, would seem to prove that he had very little doubt of the correctness of the assertion.

DEATH OF MR. CLANCY.

The *New York Leader* comes to us in mourning for Mr. Clancy, its proprietor and chief editor. Judging by the columns of the *Leader*, Mr. Clancy was an able and fearless journalist, and a man of well cultivated taste. An article in the *Leader* says of him:—

"As a writer Mr. Clancy was facile, trenchant, and most popular. A fund of rare humor enlivened his articles and his conversation. His poems, under the *nom de plume* of "THE LETTER C," attracted general attention, as did his Southern Sketches in *Porter's Spirit*. But when we come to write of Mr. Clancy's large, warm heart; his tender courtesy; his constant friendship; his ample generosity; his modest and ungrudging charities; his unceasing kindness to all with whom he was in any way connected, the task becomes too painful. We seem to see before us his erect, slender figure; his pleasant face; his great, deep blue eyes, soft as a woman's in their affectionate expression, and fierce as fire when his Celtic courage was aroused; and, seeing these, we pause to mourn with those who weep. No man had more real friends and fewer enemies than John Clancy. May he sleep sweetly under the beautiful daisies while we keep his memory green!"

THE PITTSBURG FAIR.

A "subscriber" in Pittsburg sends us the Treasurer's report so far of the receipts of the Pittsburg Sanitary Fair." The amount received is $345,294 25. He says that after all the expenses are paid, the Fair will realize to the Sanitary Commission fully $330,000. Certainly Pittsburg deserves great credit for such a liberal contribution. In proportion to her means, we are inclined to think she stands among the highest on the list.

CAPE MAY.

The railroad from this city to Cape Island is now completed, and this celebrated sea-side has come again into favor. In fact, we hear rumors that it is to be *the* place for the present season. A card containing the running schedule of the trains will be found in our advertising columns.

THE TRUE POLICY.—The financial editor of the *Daily Press* of this city says:—

"The anxiety to learn what is to be the policy of the new Secretary of the Treasury is growing deeper every day. It is to be hoped that he will commence at once a contraction of the currency, and thus bring down the price of gold. There is no proposition upon which financial authorities are more unanimous than this: that the currency, national and state, should be reduced steadily and sharply, and its buying power be made greater, to the advantage of all sound business and of the Government, the great consumer of the produce and labor of the country. With a contraction of currency, or, in other words, a reduction of the amount of bank credits, there must be a fall in the prices of all commodities. Just as surely as the issue of currency inflated prices and stimulated speculation, its withdrawal will break prices down, carrying speculators in its train. The present is a good time to get out of debt, and to keep out."

We may add that a further inflation of the currency would not make money any plentier, except for a brief moment—for the increase of prices caused thereby would be in a still greater percentage, and currency would soon be scarcer than before. What is wanted, is to increase the actual value of the paper-currency, and bring it nearer to its nominal value. The first effect of a contraction would be to make money scarcer; the next to increase the relative value of paper-money, as compared with gold and other commodities; the third to make money plenty again.

GOVERNOR H——— was a Virginian, and as a protege of Gen. Jackson was appointed by him Territorial Governor of Michigan. His F. F. V. ways and notions not being exactly agreeable to the democracy over whom he was sent to rule, they gave him notice to quit, which was sanctioned by the President, and he was transferred to the Land Office at Green Bay, where, as Register, he served Uncle Sam until his patron went out of office. He then offered himself to the people of Wisconsin as a candidate for the Territorial Legislature; and after pressing his claims in a long and very ingenious speech, intended to suit all parties at Green Lake, he wound up with, "Gintlemen, these are my sintiments, and let me assure you they are the sintiments of an honest man—an honest politician. But, gintlemen, if they don't suit you, they kin be altered!"

☞ Caterpillars and mosquitoes are on the rampage in the North this season. In Franklin county, Maine, the destruction of fruit trees by the former is said to be very great.

A Malay Wedding.

As marriages are events which create no small degree of excitement even among those not immediately concerned, so that people of all ages and sexes are seen rushing to their doors and windows to view a wedding *cortege* as it passes, some readers may possibly feel interested with the description of a Malay wedding at which I happened to be present several years ago.

Feeling rather tired of the somewhat monotonous occupation of walking about and seeing little new at Singapore, I was heartily glad when one day meeting with a friend, he told me that he had been invited to a native wedding, and asked me to join him.

Not having witnessed anything of the kind before, not even an English one—for I had entered the navy when very young—I was much pleased with the opportunity thus afforded me of gratifying my curiosity, and therefore at once gladly accepted the invitation.

Accordingly, at six o'clock in the evening, my friend and I started on our expedition. The bride's house was situated in the country, about two miles distant from the town. The evening was fine, and a cool breeze had succeeded to the intolerable heat of a tropical mid-day sun. We jogged on quietly together, smoking our cheroots and enjoying the balmy fragrance of the breeze, which brought with it a pleasant odor of tropical flowers and fruit.

My companion, who had been for some years a resident on these islands, gave me a little information respecting the marriage ceremony of the Malays.

"Marriages amongst these people," he said, "are conducted in quite a different manner from those of Europeans. There is no religious service performed, excepting that the bridegroom has to pay to the chief priest a certain sum of money, according to his means, in return for which he receives a written document, which is equivalent to a marriage certificate. There is neither outward show nor procession of gaily decorated carriages and gaily dressed people. The bride remains at home, where she awaits the appearance of the bridegroom, who in due time is escorted to her house by his friends."

As we approached the house we could hear the sounds of festivity; the native gongs and tambourines were heard intermingling their discordant notes with those of the more civilized violin, on which instrument the Malays are expert performers.

The house was large, built of wood, and erected some few feet above the ground, on piles or posts, as is the prevailing fashion with Malay houses.

On entering, we were ushered into a spacious and well-lighted room, in which a mixed company had already assembled, consisting of Europeans, Malays, half-castes, and a small sprinkling of Chinese.

I was introduced to the host and hostess, and of course apologized for my appearance, I being an uninvited guest; but I was immediately placed at my ease by their assurances of hearty welcome.

I looked round the room for the bride and bridegroom, but none could I see who came up to my imaginary ideas of a happy newly-married couple. I was disappointed at not seeing them, but was soon reassured by the host, who had evidently observed my inquiring glances, and told me that I should be presented to them in due time.

Tables and chairs are articles of luxury not much indulged in by Malays, their favorite mode of resting being to squat down cross-legged on mats spread on the floor. A few chairs, however, were there for the accommodation of the half-caste ladies of the party, who, in their white muslin dresses, disdained the before-mentioned primitive mode of repose. Of tables there were two or three, spread out with various kinds of fruit and sweetmeats. The Malays and Chinese, staid money-making persons, were squatted on the mats, chewing the betel-nut, (without which both Malays and Chinese seem out of their element,) and talking over their different bargains, or quoting the prices of opium, silks, and other articles of trade.

At one end of the room was grouped a knot of the Joghut or dancing-girls of the country, who, decked out in tinsel and flowers, were dancing to the sound of the tambourine, which they struck as they danced, at the same time improvising songs in praise of the happy pair.

After the guests had all assembled, tea and cakes were handed round to them. The bride and bridegroom had, however, not yet made their appearance, and I began to imagine that some unforeseen event had occurred to prevent their appearing. After a short time, however, I observed that several of the guests had been taken, two at a time, out of the room by the host and hostess, and shortly afterwards returned. At last the host approached me, and, speaking in the Malay language, said that he would now introduce me to the hero and heroine of the day; and accordingly I followed him through a side-door into a long narrow room.

Along the whole length of this room were spread mats of various gray colors, on which were laid out every description of edible, including even basins of rice, as also the presents brought by the guests and friends of the bride, and along the whole length of the matting, on both sides, were arranged tall candles.

At the upper end of the room, and at the head of this well-spread banquetting-ground, were seated, or rather squatted, side by side, the bride and bridegroom, not looking particularly happy, but, on the contrary, very wretched, tired, and sleepy. They were dressed in colored silks, profusely decked with gold and jewels, their hair adorned with jessamine blossoms, and their faces, daubed over with a white powder, which gave to them a hideous and ghastly appearance. They bowed slightly in acknowledgment of the introduction, but did not speak. They were very young, the bride being not more than fourteen, and the bridegroom about seventeen; but it is usual in those climates to marry at an early period. In Borneo proper I have known girls to marry at twelve; and even the half-caste ladies marry at fourteen; consequently, they looked old when a little over twenty years of age.

But to return to my story. I inquired of my host why the very unhappy-looking pair did not join in the festivities given in honor of themselves. He replied that it was contrary to their custom; that they had to sit there for three days and nights, and, moreover, that they were not allowed to speak to each other; that after they had gone through that ordeal, and not till then, they were considered duly married. No wonder they looked wearied and doleful!

We shortly afterwards returned to the festive hall, where I found that the European portion of the company were endeavoring to get up some dances—not a very seemly mode of exhibiting superior civilization! Some had a little difficulty at first in securing partners—for the fair, or I should say the dark beauties, were either very shy, or assumed a stiff, dignified and rather stand-offish demeanor when requested the pleasure of dancing with them, being naturally unwilling to dance with utter strangers. At last, partners being secured, to the scraping of a violin, which sounded villainously out of tune, they commenced their performance, greatly to the amusement of the beholders. They had not danced long, however, before it appeared that the flooring (whatever it was made of) was giving way under their feet, and before they could make good their retreat it broke through, and but for the matting which was spread over it, they would have been precipitated into the mud, and have disturbed the ducks and fowls from their midnight slumbers, the under part of Malay houses always furnishing an abode for the domestic feathered tribe. The plunge and mud-bath were averted by the company hastily removing to the other end of the room.

As the festivities proceeded, the fine night had changed to a wet morning, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. As no carriages of any sort could be procured at such a distance from the town, this was rather an awkward predicament for those who had a long distance to walk, more especially for the female portion of the company, who, in their light and airy garments, were far from being able to resist the encroachments of the rain. They did not seem to mind it, however; for I could hear peals of merry laughter mingling on the silent air as the several parties dispersed in different directions.

A German Fireside.

Attention is a good deal called to Germany just now. It may not be uninteresting to give a description—truthful, as we can ourselves testify—of the way in which the Germans live. We think those who read it will be thankful for their blazing coal fire ever after. The author we quote, Mr. Mayhew, thus speaks:—

"The English reader can form no idea as to the real unhealthiness of the prevailing method of heating German houses. Scientific experiments have shown that for the maintenance of health it is necessary that each human being should be supplied with at least 1,000 cubic feet of fresh and pure atmospheric air in the course of the day. The model French hospital at Bordeaux gives 2,200 cubic feet of air to the bed of each patient. Owing to the extreme expense, however, of wood fuel, and the consequent cost of heating large chambers, the German gentry are compelled to live in one room during the winter, that is hardly bigger than a good-sized larder. This is what is generally called the *kock-stube* (literally, 'the cooking-chamber'), and immediately adjoins the mere closet of a kitchen, so that one fire may serve for the warming of the two places; while the other apartments, which, with us, would constitute the ordinary sitting-rooms of the family, are kept only as show-rooms, and heated merely on 'high days and holidays'—such as at coffee-drinkings, christenings, and the like. These cooking-rooms are seldom or never of greater dimensions than 12 feet square, and 8 or 9 feet high, so that their cubic capacity is but little better than 1,000 feet altogether. Indeed, this is the ordinary size of the one apartment in which the gentlefolks in Germany consent to 'fust'—to use a Shakspearian term; and so hermetically sealed is it, owing to there being no vestige of a chimney in the place—for even the door of the stove is outside the room—that the atmosphere, in a very few hours, becomes like that inhaled by the poor mouse which scientific lecturers delight to place under the receiver of an air-pump, for the due edification of the audience as to the vitiation of the vital gas during the process of respiration by animal life. The rooms in which we lived in Eisenach were among the largest in the town, being some 20 odd feet long, 15 feet wide, and between 8 and 9 feet high, and hence contained about 2,500 cubic feet of atmospheric fluid; and yet, owing to there being no means of carrying off the products of respiration—for, as usual, the stoves were heated from without—it was impossible for the members of our family to sit in them for more than four hours together without throwing the windows open, in the depth of winter, in order to ventilate the close, fœtid apartment. The Germans, however, are so unused to ventilation, that they seem to feel but little annoyance from the inhalation of each other's breath, and will often scream and rave at any one who ventures to leave the door of the sitting-room open in winter. Nor is it customary to air the room at any time by unfastening the double windows used in winter—the casements, indeed, being unclosed only at the time of death, and then merely, as is the general belief, to let the soul 'pass' to its appointed sphere.

* * * * * *

"In almost every chamber in Saxony it is customary to keep a thermometer hanging against the wall, so as to note the temperature to which the room is heated; and immediately the quicksilver sinks a degree below 15 degrees Reaumur or 66 degrees Fahrenheit, to cry out to the servant to attend to the fire. Many a German delights in maintaining the room at 20 degrees Reaumur, which is equivalent to 77 degrees of our scale.

* * * * * *

"So afraid, moreover, are all classes of exposing themselves to the cold air outside of their overheated chambers, that it is the custom with the inert and half-baked turnpike-keepers on the high roads to thrust out a long landing-net through a practicable window-frame, for the collection of the toll from the passing cart or carriage, so as to save themselves from the danger of facing the atmosphere out of doors."

THE SARSAPARILLA PLANT.—This grows in Brazil, on the shores of the Amazon. The plant is a climber, found always in the shade of the lower trees and bushes, to the branches of which it clings for support. The stem is green and spiny, somewhat resembling that of the bramble, but it grows straight upwards from the ground, and the leaves are oval and strongly veined. The roots, which constitute the drug, grow horizontally for many yards within a few inches of the surface of the ground, and are very difficult to dig up without breaking; yet this must be done, for, if collected in fragments, it is much lessened in value.

THE IDAHO GOLD MINES.—Letters from these mines represent the bar-diggings to be, in the vernacular of the correspondents, about "played out." They advise no one to go there in search of fortune, as nothing of that kind is to be found.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Philada.

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We give our readers an extract from a letter received from Mr. Bloor, the Assistant Secretary of the Commission at Washington. We can from personal knowledge commend blackberry brandy as being altogether the best preparation of the blackberry for medicinal purposes. Of course it is desirable that it should be made with fourth proof brandy, but as this is very expensive, a most excellent substitute can be found in good Monongahela whiskey. Inferior brandy should never be used, as it is often adulterated with unwholesome drugs, the effect of which might prove pernicious to the patient.

* * * * *

"After many talks with those who know," in relation to the best preparation of blackberries for the army, I give you the result. The dried berry is the least troublesome and most economical in preparation, and not liable to destruction in transportation; but it requires great carefulness and nicety in cooking to make a wholesome and palatable stew or preserve; and the stewards and cooks in the hospitals either will not cook it at all, saying they do not know how, or they make such an unpalatable mess of it that it is obnoxious to the patients. Blackberry syrup is agreeable to the taste, and wholesome in its qualities; but in regard to its capacity for transportation, it is of course open to the objection that exists against any liquid, viz, that it is very liable to breakage, leakage and waste. The same objection exists to blackberry brandy, which is, moreover expensive, if the spirit added to it is of the superior and costly kind it ought to be; but if it were not for these drawbacks I should say that the last is the most desirable form of the three. I suppose however that there are a great many persons who would make and donate the syrup, who would not the brandy, on account of the additional expense of the latter; and that there are also some who would prefer not to make the latter on account of their temperance principles. If well corked, I find that the small stone bottles (a pint I believe they hold) are not at all apt to be broken. I mean the kind that is used for soda water, ginger beer, &c.

We add two recipes for making medicinal preparations from the blackberry:

BLACKBERRY BRANDY.

To one quart of strained blackberry juice add one pound of white sugar, one teaspoonful of powdered *allspice*, and one teaspoonful of ground cloves. *Boil for a few minutes*, then remove it from the fire, and add half a pint of brandy or good whiskey. Bottle and cork it close. It is fit for immediate use.

EXTRACT OF BLACKBERRY.

Take a quart bottle, half fill it with fresh ripe blackberries; add one teaspoonful of whole allspice, and a few cloves. Fill up the bottle with the best whiskey. At the expiration of a month this will be found a strong extract of blackberry. It should be mixed, in using, with a little sugar and water.

We hope our contributors will take advantage of the season to prepare as much of the blackberry as possible for the use of our sick soldiers. It is in very great demand in all the military hospitals, and we feel sure that our patriotic women will listen to the call, and see that the want is fully supplied. We are depending upon our auxiliaries for large supplies of dried fruits and pickles during this most abundant season, and past experience teaches us we shall not look in vain.

The want of home-work was never greater than now, for there have never been before so large numbers of wounded men; and this summer's campaign must fearfully increase the roll. It is the time for work and for sacrifice. We know that the friends of our brave soldiers will give their hearts and hands fully and earnestly to the summer's work in their behalf.

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, July 4, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies, since the last report:—

PENNSYLVANIA.

Miss Clapier, 1 pkg.; Miss Meigs, 1008 Walnut st., 1 pkg.; Alert Clio, Lockhaven, Clinton co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., Miss E. C. Blackman, Sec'y, bbl. No. 92; Soldiers' Aid, Tioga, Tioga co., Miss M. E. Adams, Sec'y, 1 keg; Central Fair, 7 boxes, 5 bbls.; Germantown Field Hospital Association, Miss H. A. Zell, Sec'y, 1 bale; Aid Society, Wellsboro', Tioga co., Miss Martha P. Emery, Sec'y, box No 22; Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair co., Mrs Charlotte S. Lewis, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Russell Hill, Lycoming co., Miss C. Provost, Sec'y, 1 box; A. F. Wheeler, 252 Crown st., 1 pkg.; Mrs Schultz, Norristown, 1 pkg.; Mrs Thos. Petherick, Pottsville, 1 pkg.; 1st Presbyterian church, Mrs. Wm. Purves, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Locust st. Girls' Grammar School, 1 pkg.; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; church of the Holy Trinity, Mrs. Wm. Bucknell, 1 pkg.; Industrial Branch, San. Com., Miss Mary C. Roberts, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Stony Fork, Tioga co., Mrs J. H. Palmer, Sec'y, 1 box; Central Aid, Chester co., R. Paxson, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Muncy, Lycoming co., Mrs. S. H. Johnson, Sec'y, 1 box.

ICE A LIFE PROLONGER.—The problem of suspending life by freezing seems to be accumulating data. Perch and mullet have been brought from Lake Champlain frozen perfectly solid, and, on being put into a tub of water, have come to life "as lively as ever." A female convict in Sweden is in ice on experiment. A man was found lately in Switzerland who gave signs of life after being frozen for nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice-houses may soon be advertised with comfortable arrangements for shipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation.

☞ The personal income tax is now 5 per cent. for over $800 and under $5,000; 7½ per cent. for over $5,000 and under $10,000; and 10 per cent. for all over $10,000.

☞ Ten cents per day has been added to the pay of our soldiers, making their pay now fifty-three and a half cents per day.

Typographical Errors.

Let me begin with the woful circumstance that first interested me in errors of the press. I was a student at the time. I had written a short paper on British rule in India: it was one of the first things I had ever prepared for the press, and of course I was very careful and solicitous. I had burned much midnight oil over it, altering expressions, touching up the sentences here and there, and taking great pains to make them read euphoniously. With the concluding sentence I had taken particular pains, and prided myself much on its majestic Ciceronian swell. It was a long sentence; I need not give the whole of it (though I have it here in my scrap-book,) but it ended thus,—"when that Empire was the seat of learning, the home of civilization, and the nursery of arts." The morning came round on which the journal was published to which my paper had been sent. I was too anxious to wait for the post. I went out before breakfast, bought a copy in the next street, ascertained that my paper was in it, and hurried back to my lodgings. Eagerly I turned to the place—please remember, it was one of my *first* productions—and read it proudly, line by line, from the first to the last. The last! Oh, kind reader, put yourself in my circumstances, and imagine the frightful shock your feelings would have sustained on seeing—as I then saw—that the letters *a* and *r* in the last word of that magnificent closing sentence had been transposed! The clause I have already quoted stood thus—"when that Empire was the seat of learning, the home of civilization, and the nursery of rats." Rats! My feelings at the moment—well, they are over now. I cherish no resentment. I can even hope now that Heaven may avert the doom which, in that moment of bitter mortification and rage, I invoked upon the paper, the editor, the compositor, the whole of the infernal establishment that had brought my sublime peroration to this climax of absurdity.

But ever since then I have felt a painful interest in typographical errors that affect the meaning—as that one did; and having jotted down a number of them in the course of my reading, it strikes me that a few specimens might be worth putting together.

I remember being much amused by one that occurred in the *Times*, about seven years ago. In its Parliamentary report of Disraeli's famous speech upon the causes of the rebellion in India, that usually accurate paper made him speak of the important law "that now permits Hindoo *widows* to marry." How far the privilege had been taken advantage of did not appear. Another ludicrous mistake was made about the same time, in a report of evidence given before a Parliamentry Committee. A highly respectable witness was asked, "Is your father a partner in the Low Moor Works?" The gentleman replied in the affirmative. He must have been somewhat annoyed, in reading the report a few days after, to find the question and answer permanently recorded as follows:—"Is your father a pauper in the Low Moor Workhouse?" "Yes." The mistake probably originated with the short-hand reporter, who, let us charitably hope, was a little deaf.

Much less unhappy was the blunder which the Missouri paper committed when it informed its readers that "*the wife crop of Gasconade county*, during the previous year, had been 25,000 gals." The next paper corrected the error by putting "wine" in the place of "wife." Still better was the mistake made by a newspaper in its report of an inquest held on the body of a notorious glutton, who had choked himself while devouring part of a Christmas goose. The verdict of "suffocation" was printed, with more truth than was intended, "stuffocation." I was told lately by an Ayrshire gentleman, that a local poet in his district had been quite ruined by the absurdities which had been put into his mouth, in the Poet's Corner, by a careless or mischievous printer. The gentleman could give me no specimens, but the statement can readily be credited if many corrections had to be made like the following, which appeared in a provincial paper in 1858:

"ERRATUM.—In the piece on our fourth page, entitled 'We must not lag behind,' instead of the line, 'That moulds its dirty shirt,' please read, 'That would its duty shrink!"

It is not in the newspapers alone that errors of so serious a kind occur. Mr. Pycroft notices a curious case of misquotation in Johnson's Dictionary, where, under the verb "to sit," the following occurs as an authority:—"*Asses are ye that sit in judgment*, (Judges, v., 10,)"—the verse being in reality, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." I have also been referred to a volume of popular sermons, in which, owing to the negligence of the proof-readers, a deplorable number of typographical errors appeared. One of these, as if in reference to the others, was singularly appropriate to the unhappy circumstances of the poor author; the verse, "Princes have persecuted me without a cause," reading "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." Campbell's celebrated "Essay on Miracles" appeared in one of the advertisements as "Campbell's Essay on Mangles." In newspaper articles of my own I have had the misfortune to see "the internal relations of the Church" converted into "the infernal relations of the Church," and people who "spoke the Gaelic language" were made to "smoke it." I remember a great public demonstration that took place in a town in which I was residing at the time. After one or two unimportant speeches, a certain demagogue arose, whose appearance was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering from the multitude. A party newspaper describing this, in the course of its gratulatory and fervid report, said that the vast concourse had "rent the air with their *snouts*."

In 1862, when the McLachlan controversy was at its height, a lawyer in Glasgow sent a long letter on some of the legal aspects of the case to a local paper, (the *Morning Journal*.) It appears that a butcher had sent a letter to the same paper, criticising, from a practical standpoint, certain statements that medical men had been making as to the number of blows that could be administered with a cleaver within a given time. These two letters lay in type, together, I suppose, awaiting insertion. In a day or two (October 11th) the lawyer's letter appeared; but what must have been its author's astonishment and indignation to find himself (as if with insulting reference to his views on the McLachlan case) called a butcher, and his letter entitled, in large letters, "A Butcher on Forensic Medicine!" Next day the real butcher's letter appeared, and of course an editorial note along with it, explaining that the headings had got inadvertently changed. Incongruities of this sort, by the misplacing of lines, are not uncommon, and some of them are very ludicrous. For instance, in a Ripon paper, the other week, a line belonging to the report of a public meeting found its way accidentally amongst the births. The result was the following remarkable announcement:—"On the 3d inst., at Elkington, the wife of Mr. Terry, schoolmaster, of a son. He spoke indistinctly, but was understood to say that, on the 5th inst., at Bond Gate, Ripon, the wife of Mr. Joseph Lonsdale, tailor, of a daughter." Less recent, but not less astounding, was the following item of local news which appeared in a Scotch paper:—"Last Saturday, a poor woman in King street was safely delivered of one sergeant, two corporals, and thirteen rank and file." Her Gracious Majesty is in the way of making donations in cases of three or more children at a birth. Whether she made any proportionate acknowledgment of the foregoing prodigy of both fecundity and patriotism has never "transpired."

COLUMBUS.

In the Cathedral Church of the Havana, on the north side of the chancel, and near the high-altar, is an insignificant-looking mural tablet. It marks the last resting-place of one whose life was a perpetual wandering to-and-fro upon the earth, to whose bones there came final rest only after many years of death. The rude likeness carved upon it shows the thoughtful, persistent face of Christopher Columbus. In the wall behind, his remains are built up.

It seems almost incredible that the spot where lie the ashes of one so great should be marked by no more than this poor tablet. It is too meagre to catch the attention of a stranger without direction. Perhaps that is best. For even the most glorious work of men's hands would fail to be fit memorial of him whose monument is half the inhabited world.

It is not too much to say that Columbus owes his grand success to his unselfish unity of purpose. There was no want of breadth in his character to canker the fair fame of his benefaction to the world. We find no fault in him. When smaller men tried to rise upon the ruin of his credit, he took it quietly, and forgave it without scorn. There is not one imperfection to limit our reverence for his memory. The son of a humble Genoese wool-comber, he left his children a distinction prouder than a pedigree of the bluest blood. His education was the best his father could afford. From the earliest, his chief fancy was for the sea—a fact in which his simple piety recognized the original of that Divine guidance which afterwards led him to discover the New World.

After serving in ships of war, under one of his own relations, at the age of five-and-thirty Columbus was attracted to Lisbon by the fame of the Portuguese discoveries, and the scientific patronage of the young and amiable Prince Henry of Portugal. There he married a countrywoman of his own, whose father was one of the prince's seamen, and governor of the Island of Porto Santo. For awhile he made voyages to the Portuguese possessions on the coast of Guinea, chiefly with the view of penetrating to India by the East. At the same time, from a theory of the spherical form of the earth, which he had founded on Ptolemy's globe and the chart of Marinus of Tyre, he conceived the idea of reaching India, and perhaps more, by way of the West. From this beginning arose the great work of his life. Once convinced in his own mind, he never afterwards hesitated, or doubted, or lost sight of his design. His deep religious instinct served to elevate and confirm his purpose, with a sense little short of Divine inspiration. He saw himself foretold, in the prophecies of the Old Testament, as destined to bring together all nations and languages under the banner of the Redeemer. The power of his ruling passion showed itself outwardly, in the quiet dignity and authority of his demeanor. He was ready to spend himself and be spent for the success of his plans. And neither arguments, nor entreaties, nor even tears, could shake his convictions or turn him aside from his projects.

The baldest sketch of his great life would be too long for the present paper. Its history cannot be condensed without injury. Washington Irving's charming work is within the reach of all readers. Later writers have differed from his well-known conclusions as to the island first seen by the discoverers. In the "Landfall of Columbus," by Captain Beecher, R.N., of the Hydrographic Office, Admiralty, the whole question is carefully examined and set at rest. To this the interested may refer with satisfaction, for accounts of the various fortunes through which this great navigator went, and the difficulties that he overcame; till, after long delay, his expedition was fitted out at the little port of Palos, in Andalusia, under the countenance of Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Castile; and, amid the tears and dismay of relations, he sailed with three vessels and a complement of not more than a hundred men in all, on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, "half an hour before sunrise."

More than two months of westward sailing over the "Sea of Darkness" brought them to the Bahama Banks. Many times the superstitions of the sailors perilled the success of the expedition, and even the life of the admiral. At last, from natural signs, they deemed that they drew near to land; mutinous tempers grew calm; all hearts took courage. When day broke, on Friday, 12th October, they found themselves at an island, called by the natives Guanahani, which Columbus henceforth "named San Salvador, in remembrance of that Almighty Power which had so miraculously" showed it to him. It is styled now, by Europeans, "Watling Island," after a certain buccaneer captain. The San Salvador of modern maps is falsely so called.

This was the discovery of the New World. The fabled Cipango, by which some have understood Japan, and the mainland of India, had yet to be reached. For these the admiral continued to search, drawn towards west or east at the sight of larger islands opening up in the horizon, till he came to Cuba, "which I believe," said he, "must be Cipango."

Here I leave him. He had succeeded in his great aim. Before his death he made three more voyages across the Atlantic to the newly-discovered Indies. After two years of sickness, he died, in Spain, on the 26th May, 1506, and was buried in the Convent of San Francisco, at Valladolid. Seven years later, his body was removed to the Monastery of Cartujos de las Cuevas, in Seville. From there, according to a wish expressed in his last will, it was taken to the West Indies, and buried by the altar in the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795, when that island was given up to France, his remains were transferred from San Domingo to Cuba, and rest finally on the right side of the high-altar in the Cathedral in the city of the Havana.

The personal appearance of Columbus was not a bad index of his character. His general air expressed the authority which he knew so well how to exercise. His light-gray eyes kindled easily at subjects of interest. He was tall and well-formed. His complexion was fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy. Trouble soon turned his light hair gray, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. Moderate in food, and simple in dress, temperate in language, bearing himself with courteous and gentle gravity, religious without being a formalist, repressing his irritable temper with a lofty piety, he was the model of a Christian gentleman. The devout reference of his successes to the Divine favor, with which he concludes the report of his first voyage to the sovereigns of Castile, is highly characteristic of the man.

"This is certain," he writes, "that the Eternal God our Lord gives all things to those who obey Him, and the victory when it seems impossible, and this evidently is an instance of it, for although people have talked of these lands, all was conjecture, unless proved by seeing them, for the greater part listened and judged more by hearsay than by anything else.

"Since, then, our redeemer has given this victory to our illustrious king and queen, and celebrated their reigns by such a great thing, all Christendom should rejoice and make great festivals, and give thanks to the Blessed Trinity, with solemn praises for the conversion of so much people to our holy faith." J. C. H.

Nobody's Children.

A year or two ago, as I sat in the entry of a farm-house, one warm summer afternoon, my attention was attracted by numerous feathery objects that kept floating in and out at the open door. At first I thought they were insects, but on examination I found them to be seeds.

"Of what?" I asked the farmer's wife, as she passed through the entry.

"Thistles," she replied. "There's a bed of them just below here, and the breeze carries the seeds hither and thither as you see."

Presently, I took my hat and walked down the lane, until I came to the thistle bed. There it was—a large patch of ground covered with the unsightly things, and as the wind swept over them, thousands of the light, feathery seeds were borne away, and scattered all over the surrounding country. Next year, thought I, they will spring up in the hay fields, and in the corn fields, and among the grain, and crops will be injured by them; they will spring up in the flower gardens, and the farmer's little daughter, going out to gather flowers, will have her tender fingers wounded by them; they will do no good, but only harm, wherever they find space to grow. So I went back to the house.

"Pray tell me why those thistles are not rooted up?" I asked the farmer's wife.

"Oh!" she said, "they are not on anybody's ground, and so they are left to themselves."

Not on anybody's ground, and so they are left to themselves!

There is a text for a sermon, but I am not the person to do the preaching.

I sat down again, and began to think. I thought of swarming city streets; of barefooted boys and girls, whose rags scarcely cover their limbs; of vulgar and profane language uttered by almost infant lips; and of crimes committed by little children, no older or larger than the farmer's little daughter.

Who are all these? Oh, they are *nobody's children*—nobody cares for them—they are left to shift for themselves. So they grow up, and they become the pests of society. They are the gamblers, and the burglars, the incendiaries, the robbers, the murderers. They fill our almshouses, our gaols, our prisons; they travel on the road to destruction, and they lead thousands and thousands along with them. Why? Oh, they are *nobody's charge!*—nobody is responsible for them; they take care of themselves. Oh, will this excuse stand in the great day of judgment? Dare we look in the face of Almighty God, as we stand before the "great white throne," and say, "They were nothing to us; we could not help them; we had not power or strength to raise them from their degradation?" No—no. We dare not.

Christian! there is work for you and me, in this great vineyard of the Lord. Let us go into these streets and lanes—into these highways and hedges, and carry the news of salvation. Let us seek out these little neglected ones, and bring them into our mission-schools, and our churches; let us visit their wretched homes, and tell their parents of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save the lost. Thank God, there are many workers already laboring in the Lord's harvest fields, but there is room for more; there is room for every Christian to share in the toil and the burden, and also in the rest and the reward.

Geological Speculations.

Prof. Agassiz, in the Atlantic Monthly, comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was at one time covered with ice a mile in thickness. The proof is that the slopes of the Allegheny range of mountains are glacier worn to the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the icy mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments, just below the level of which glacier marks come to an end, tells us that it lifted its head alone above the desolate waste of ice and snow. In this region, then, the thickness of the sheet cannot have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kind of evidence in other parts of the country; for, wherever the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising to that height are left untouched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plough, and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman. The hard surface of the rocks was ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into the lime regions, lime was mingled with the more arid and unproductive granite districts, and a soil was prepared fit for the agricultural uses of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe. The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this, and next to the last before the advent of man.

☞ AN OLD COIN.—Among the relics of antiquity recently discovered at Colleville, France, is mentioned "a coin bearing the head of Faustina, to pay Charon for the passage across the Styx."

☞ What is most appropriate to a doctor's house? *Blue-pill-ars* in front.

LATEST NEWS.

The Rebel Invasion.

The rebel expedition into Maryland has assumed a more formidable shape. General Wallace evacuated Frederick on Friday evening to avoid being flanked by the rebels, who had crossed the Potomac at Nolan's Ferry and other fords. He fell back to Monocacy Junction, where he was attacked on Saturday morning. The battle lasted from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., but our forces were overpowered and were forced to retreat towards Baltimore. General Wallace, in his official dispatch, estimates the rebel force at 20,000. Brigadier-General Tyler is reported to have been taken prisoner. A. P. Hill, Breckinridge, and Early, are severally rumored to be in command of the enemy. During Saturday night the citizens of Baltimore were armed, and at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning the alarm bells were sounded. The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the city during the day. At 11 A. M. General Wallace was reported 26 miles from the city, falling back, but it was believed that the enemy was not following him, and the main body it was thought were marching for Washington. Gilmore's rebel cavalry were at Westminster on Saturday night. A Washington Star extra, at 1 P. M., stated that the rebels were not pursuing Wallace; that a satisfactory body of troops are in a position to reach Washington or Baltimore before the rebels, and that the enemy has not appeared in the Department of Washington. A Baltimore despatch, at 5 P. M., reports that the Northern Central Railroad was cut between Timonium and Cockeysville, and that a rebel force, estimated at 1,500, had passed above Cockeysville, going in the direction of the Philadelphia railroad. Later despatches announce the safe arrival of Sigel's wagon train in Baltimore.

Gen. Hunter has been heard from. He has recaptured Martinsburg, with all the stores lost by our troops, and also took about 1,000 prisoners.

From Sherman's department we have intelligence to the effect that the whole rebel army is across the Chattahoochie. Over two thousand prisoners were taken by Gen. Sherman, between Marietta and the river, the greater portion of whom were from Cheatham's division, which was acting as rear guard.

ROYAL BENEFICENCE.—In the "Children of Lutetia," the last works which Blanchard Jerrold has written, he gives a new and charming story of a Diamond Necklace, which is a good offset to the well-known and scandalous episode in French history:

"It relates to the Empress Eugenie, on whose marriage the municipal council of Paris voted a sum of twenty-four thousand pounds sterling to make a wedding offering to the Empress of a diamond necklace. The Empress, however, declined the gift, but accepted its worth in money. How she spent it, Mr. Jerrold tells us, may now be seen in a quiet suburb of Paris, where, in a well-ordered house, with trim gardens and lawns, and beds of flowers, two hundred orphan children find a happy home. Another adecdote is added: In March, 1856, when the imperial prince was born, six hundred thousand subscribers determined to present a token of gratitude and affection to the mother. On being asked what form the people's offering should take, the Empress replied: 'By founding the Prince Imperial's Orphanage.' It was ordered that the institution should not be a great edifice, where poor children might be cheaply brigaded, but that its income should be wholly spent in finding homes for helpless orphans among the honest working population of Paris and its environs. By its agency, adds Mr. Jerrold, between three and four hundred poor orphans have already been rescued from misery, and placed in comfortable homes under responsible guardianship."

PARASITIC WORMS.—If meat be sufficiently dressed to change its original raw flesh color, even though considerably tinged with red gravy, it may be eaten, I believe, with no danger of causing parasitic disease. I have, however, seen game (especially wild fowl, which swallow large numbers of some kinds of parasitic worms) brought to table in such a state of rawness that such food could hardly be eaten with impunity. The worm parasite is most frequently introduced through pork, which, I believe, is eaten raw in the form of smoked ham and bacon in many parts of England. In Germany, too, it is eaten raw in sausages, giving rise, probably, to great prevalence of parasitic worm disease in that country.—R. A. C.

AN AMBROTYPE FROM THE WILDERNESS BATTLE-FIELD.—An ambrotype was picked up from the side of a dead Pennsylvania soldier, on the battle-field in the Wilderness, and has been brought to this city. It contains the likeness of a lady at whose side is seated a little girl, wearing a black sack; on the lap of the woman is seated a child clothed in white. The dress of the woman is of barred goods, and she had on a large breastpin and a collar. The picture will be left at this office for one week, for examination by persons who may think they are its owners. It would be highly prized by the family of the deceased soldier, as it was probably that of his wife and children.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

PORK AND BEANS.—White beans are the cheapest and most nutritious food which can be eaten. Beans and pork furnish nearly all the elements necessary to human subsistence. A quart of beans at eight cents, and pound of pork at twelve cents, will feed a small family for a day. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in fifty quarts of water, will furnish a good meal for forty men, at one and quarter cents per man.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ Why is a pudding like a siege? Because *fire* and *batter* are necessary for both.

☞ SIGNIFICANT SIGNS.—A lady who has paid some attention to small matters, says she always watches with much interest the ingress and egress of husbands and wives to and from the dining and drawing-rooms of fashionable hotels. "If," said she, "the wives enter and depart a little in advance of their husbands, be sure they wear the Oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems. If, on the contrary, the husband takes the lead, you may rest assured they take the lead in everything else." This idea, to us, is perfectly original, and we shall be somewhat particular hereafter, in satisfying ourselves of the truth of such "significant signs."

☞ In Boston people are uniting to buy coal by the cargo, and thus save two or three dollars per ton.

DAY DREAMS.

Where the orange bee on the purple flower
  Of the roadside thistle dozes;
Where the flying down blows, filmy white,
And the azure air-bell poises light;
And where the mole, deep out of sight,
  After his work reposes—
    Alone I would be,
    Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the plovers whirl, and circle, and scream,
  Over the loneliest places;
Where the eastern clouds roll heavy and slow,
And the glad winds race, and flutter, and blow;
Where the golden corn is all of a glow,
  And so are the reapers' faces—
    Alone I would be,
    Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the fir, so balmy and evergreen,
  Raises its dripping cones,
And the squirrel, sailor-like, climbs the tree;
And the wind is breathing its lullaby,
Fond, and soft, and ceaselessly,
  The songs of distant zones—
    Alone I would be,
    Without company,
  And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the sunshine comes in level lines,
  Across the velvet mosses,
And stealing in and out in patches,
In sunny fits and playful catches,
As a bough or trunk in snatches,
  With varying gains and losses—
    Alone I would be,
    Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Mark Cray rose from his chair again, and stood on the rug as before, pushing back his hair from his brow incessantly in the restlessness that was upon him. He was always restless when he thought of that past night; or of the certainty that he might at any time be called upon to perform again what he had failed in then. It was not altogether his *skill* he doubted, for Mark Cray was a vain and self-sufficient man; but he felt that the very present consciousness of having broken down before, would induce a nervousness that would cause him infallibly to break down again. Had it been practicable, Mark Cray would have taken flight from Hallingham and its medical world that very hour, and hid himself away from them for ever.

"It has become *hateful* to me, Carine!"

The words burst from him in the fulness of his thoughts. Both had been silent for some minutes, and they sounded quite startling in their vehemence. Mrs. Cray looked up at him.

"What do you mean, Mark? What has? The getting your meals so irregularly?"

"Yes," said Mark, evasively. He did not choose to say that it was his profession which had become hateful to him, lest Mrs. Cray might inquire too closely why.

And, besides all this, had Mark been ever so successful in practice, the vista opened to him of unlimited wealth (and he really so regarded it) might have turned a steadier head than his. His friend Barker had been Mark's "chum" (you are indebted to Mark for the epithet) at Guy's Hospital, and the intimacy had lasted longer than such formed intimacies generally do last. Mr. Barker was of the same stamp as Mark,—hence, perhaps, the duration of the friendship; he had practised as a surgeon for a year or two, and then found it "too slow," and had tried his hand at something else. He had been trying his hand at something else and something else ever since, and somehow the things had dropped through one after the other with various degrees of failure, one degree of which had been to land Mr. Barker within the friendly walls of a debtor's prison. But he had come on his legs again; such men generally do; and he was now in high feather as the promoter of a grand mining company. It was this he had invited Mark to embark in; he wrote him the most glowing accounts of the fabulous sums of money to be realized at it; he believed in them himself; he was, I have said, exactly the same sort of man as Mark.

One little drawback had recently presented itself: a want of ready money. Of course it was not *much* felt, considering the loads that were coming in in prospective; but it might be as well to get some if possible. Mark, in his eagerness, offered the sum coming to his wife from the Chancery suit; they were expecting it to be paid over daily; and Mr. Barker was in raptures, and painted his pictures of the future in colors gorgeous as those of a Claude Lorraine. Caroline might have felt a little startled, had she known Mark had already promised the money, without so much as consulting her. But Mark had chosen to take his own time to consult her, and Mark was doing it now. Perhaps he had felt it might be more decent to let poor Dr. Davenal be put under the ground, before he spoke of applying the money in a way so diametrically opposed to his last wishes.

"Mark," she asked, "how much does Mr. Barker get by this? At present, I mean."

"I don't know. I suppose they have hardly begun to realize yet. It will not be in full work, I expect, until I join it. He's a regular good fellow, and is holding back for me."

"He says it will be good?"

"Good!" echoed Mark. "Stop, I'll read you his last letter, the one I received this morning."

He drew a letter from the pocket of his pantaloons and read out its glowing promises. Mr. Barker was evidently fervent in his belief of the future. Caroline listened as one in a joyous dream: and the imaginary scene then dancing before her eyes, of their future greatness, rivalled any of the scenes of fairyland.

"You see," said Mark, "Barker—who's that?"

The entrance of a visitor into the hall had caused the interruption. Caroline bent her ear to listen.

"It is Aunt Bettina!" she exclaimed. "I am sure it is her voice, Mark. Whatever brings her here to-night?"

Mark crushed the letter into his pocket again.

"Mind, Caroline, not a word of this to her!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on his wife as she was rising. "It is not quite ready to be talked of yet."

Miss Davenal came in. She greeted them, and then entered at once upon the subject which had brought her—their quitting the Abbey for the other house. Mark understood she had come, as it were, officially; to fix time and place and means; and he had no resource but to tell her that he did not intend to enter upon it; did not intend to embark Caroline's money in any such purpose; did not, in fact, intend to remain in Hallingham.

There ensued a battle; it was little less. What with Miss Davenal's indignation and what with Miss Davenal's deafness, the wordy war that supervened could be called nothing else. Caroline sat pretty quiet at first, speaking to take her husband's side now and then.

"You tell me you are going to leave Hallingham, and you won't tell me where you are going, or what you are going to do, Mark Cray!" reiterated Miss Davenal.

"I'll tell you more about it when I know more myself."

"But you can tell me what it is; you can tell me where it is. Is it at one of the London hospitals?"

"It is in London," was Mark's answer, allowing the hospital to be assumed.

"Then, Mark Cray, you are very wicked. And you"—turning to Caroline—"are foolish to uphold him in it. How can you think of giving up such a practice as this?"

"I am tired of Hallingham," avowed Mark, with blunt truth, for he was getting vexed.

"You are—what?" cried Miss Davenal, not catching the words.

"Sick and tired of Hallingham. And I don't care who knows it."

Miss Davenal looked at him with some curiosity.

"Is he gone out of his senses, Caroline?"

"I am tired of Hallingham, too, aunt," said Caroline, audaciously. "I want to live in London."

"And the long and the short of it is, that we mean to live in London, Miss Bettina," avowed Mark. "There. I don't care that my talents should be buried in a poking country place any longer."

She looked from one to the other of them: she could not take it in. Sharp anger was rendering her ears somewhat more open than usual.

"Buried!—a poking country place! and what of the twelve or fifteen hundred a-year practice that you would lightly throw away, Mark Cray?"

"Oh, I shall do better than that in London. I have got a post offered me worth double that."

She paused a few moments.

"And what are you to give for it?"

"Never mind that," said Mark.

"Yes, never mind that," rejoined Miss Bettina in a tone of bitter sarcasm. "When it comes to details, you can take refuge in 'never mind.' Do you suppose such posts are given away for nothing, Mark Cray? Who has been befooling you?"

"But it will not be given for nothing," cried Caroline, betrayed to the injudicious avowal by the partizanship of her husband. "The money that is coming to me will be devoted to it."

This was the climax. Miss Bettina Davenal was very wroth; wroth, however, more in sorrow than in anger. In vain she strove to sift the affair to the bottom; Mark baffled her questions, baffled her indignant curiosity, and—it must be confessed—his wife helped him.

She—Miss Bettina—turned away in the midst of the storm. She took up her black gloves, the only article of attire that she had removed, and drew them on her trembling hands. In the shaking of the hands alone did Bettina Davenal ever betray emotion; those firm, white, rather bony hands, usually so still and self-possessed.

"Marcus Cray, as surely as that you are standing now before me, you will rue this work if you carry it out. When that day shall come, I beg you—I beg *you*, Caroline—to remember that I warned you of it."

She passed out without another word, and stalked down the lighted street uncomfortably upright. Neal behind her with his ginger tread. Midway between the Abbey and her own home; it was in the corner just before coming to the market-place; she encountered Mr. Oswald Cray.

He lifted his hat, half as if he would have borne on; he was in deep thought. But Miss Davenal stopped, and held out her hand.

"I was thinking of you at this very moment, Mr. Oswald Cray. I was saying to myself that if anybody could wean your brother Marcus out of this wicked imprudence, it might be you; nay, I would say shame him out of it."

"What is the matter with him? What is he doing?" asked Oswald, all in wonder.

Miss Davenal paused. Either she did not hear the question or she took time to recover herself to reply to it. Her face was very pale, her cold gray eyes glittered like steel in the lamplight.

"My poor brother has died young, and left this valuable practice in Mark's hands. There are not many like unto it. The house is ready to be offered to him; altogether, the career spreading out before him is a fine one. And he is talking of throwing it up. He is going to fling it from him as a child flings a pebble away into the sea. He says he shall quit Hallingham."

"Quit Hallingham!" repeated Oswald Cray, the last words of what she said alone making their full impression on him in his bewildered surprise. "Mark says he shall quit Hallingham?"

"He has some wild-goose scheme in his head of setting up in practice in London," said Miss Davenal, speaking in accordance with the notion she had erroneously assumed. "It is something he is about to purchase. He is going to purchase it with that money of Caroline's. But he has as surely lost his senses as that we are here."

"I cannot understand it," said Oswald. "No man in his senses would abandon such a practice as this."

"Just so. But I tell you he is not in his senses; he cannot be. I do not understand it any more than you. Perhaps you will see him."

"I will. I am going there now. I have been calling at your house, Miss Davenal. Now that I have met you, will you let me express my deep sympathy in your sorrow for the loss you have sustained."

"Thank you, sir. It has been the greatest blow I could have experienced, and if I have not shown it much outwardly—for it is not in my nature to show such—it has done its work on my heart. There are few men who could not have been spared in Hallingham, whether to the town or to his family, better than Dr. Davenal."

"It is frequently the case," said Oswald, half abstractedly, "that those whom we think we could the least spare, are taken. Fare you well, Miss Davenal."

For Miss Davenal had turned as if anxious to be gone. She walked away towards home in her usual stately fashion; the attentive Neal, whose apparently closed ears had been regaled to their content, behind her, after respectfully saluting Mr. Oswald Cray.

He, Oswald Cray, strode on to the Abbey, the strange news just communicated puzzling him much. He did not take Mark at a disadvantage, as Miss Davenal had done. When he entered, Mark was all cool and easy, having had time to collect his wits and resolve on his course of action. That course was, not to open his lips about the scheme on hands to any other living mortal until it was ripe and ready to be acted upon. Miss Davenal's communication to Oswald rendered this somewhat difficult, but Mark did not stand on an evasion or two.

He was exceedingly surprised to see Oswald, not knowing that he was at Hallingham, and Caroline gave a little scream when he came in, in her pretty and somewhat affected manner. Oswald explained that he had not come from London, but from another part of the country and had alighted at Hallingham for two or three hours only as he passed through it. He then entered upon the strange news just communicated to him.

But Mark had his answer to it ready at hand. He was not taken at a disadvantage, as he had been by Miss Davenal. He talked in a mocking tone about "busybodies," he ridiculed Miss Davenal's deafness, saying that she generally heard things "double:" altogether, he contrived to blind Oswald, to convince him that the whole thing was a fable; or, rather, a mistake, partly arising from Miss Davenal's infirmity, partly from a desire on his own part to "chaff" her for her interference. How Mark Cray reconciled this to his sense of honor, let him answer.

And Oswald, perfectly truthful himself, never doubted his half-brother. But he did not wholly quit the topic. He spoke of the few words written to him by Dr. Davenal when he was dying, and of their purport—that he, Oswald, should urge the settlement of Mrs. Cray's own money upon her. Though of course, Oswald added, there was no necessity for him to do so: Mark would naturally see for himself that it was the only thing to be done with it.

Of course he saw it, testily answered Mark, who was growing cross.

"I cannot think how Miss Davenal could have misunderstood you as she did," proceeded Oswald. "She actually said that this money of Mrs. Cray's was to be applied to the purchase of the new thing in London in which you were proposing to embark."

"Did she," returned Mark, in a tone that one impudent schoolboy retorts upon another. "I do wonder, Oswald, that you should listen to the rubbish picked up by a deaf woman!"

"The wonder is, how she could so misunderstand," returned Oswald. "But I am heartily glad it is not so. Miss Davenal assumed that you must be out of your senses, Mark," he added, a smile crossing his lips. "I fear I must have arrived at the same conclusion, had you really been entertaining the notion of quitting Hallingham and throwing up such a practice as this."

"I wish to goodness people would mind their own business!" exclaimed Mark, who was losing his good manners in his vexation. The communication to his wife of his new scheme had been so smoothly accomplished, that the sudden interruption of Miss Davenal and now of Oswald Cray seemed all too like a checkmate; and Mark felt as a stag driven to bay. "I am old enough to regulate my own affairs without Miss Davenal," he continued, "and I want none of her interference."

Oswald did not speak.

"And, what's more, I won't stand it," resumed Mark; "either from her or from anyone. There! And, Oswald, I hope you will excuse my saying it: although you are my elder brother and may deem you have a right to dictate to me."

"The right to advise *as a friend* only, Mark," was the reply, somewhat pointedly spoken. "Never to dictate."

Mark growled.

"With this valuable practice before you, Mark, it may appear to you quite a superfluous precaution to secure the money to your wife and children," persisted Oswald. "But the chances and changes of life are so great, overwhelming families when least expected, that it behoves us all to guard those we love against them so far as we have the power."

"Do you suppose I should not do the best for my wife that I can do?" asked Mark. "She knows I would. Be at ease, Oswald," he added in an easy tone, of which Oswald detected not the banter, "when Caroline's money shall be paid over, I'll send you notice of it. Talking of money, don't you think the doctor made a strange will?"

"I have not heard anything about his will," replied Oswald. "He has died very well off, I suppose?"

"We don't think he has died well off," interposed Caroline. "I and Mark can't quite make it out, and they do not treat us with much confidence in the matter. Whatever there is, it is left to Sara."

"To Sara?"

"Every stick and stone," returned Caroline, her cheeks assuming that lovely color that excitement was apt to bring to them, and which, to a practised eye, might have suggested a suspicion of something not sound in the constitution. "All the property he died possessed of is to be sold, even to the household furniture; and the money realized from it goes to Sara."

"And the son—Captain Davenal?"

"There's nothing left to him; not a penny piece. His name is not so much as mentioned in the will."

Oswald looked as though he could not believe it. He had thought that of all men Dr. Davenal would have been incapable of making an unjust will.

"Look here, Oswald," interrupted Mark, speaking in that half-whispered tone that is so suggestive of mystery, "there's something under all this that we can't fathom. Caroline overheard some words dropped by Miss Davenal, to the effect that Sara was left dependent upon her, quite entirely dependent—"

"But how can that be?" interrupted Oswald, "Have you not just said that the whole property is willed to her?"

"True: but Miss Davenal did say it. It is all queer together," concluded Mark. "Why should he have willed it all to Sara, excluding Edward? And why should Miss Davenal assert, as she did, that Sara would be penniless and must have a home with herself? I am sure I and Caroline don't want their confidence," continued Mark, in a tone of resentment that was sufficient to betray he did want it. "But I say it's a queer will altogether. Nothing left to Edward, when it's well known the doctor loved him as the apple of his eye! Every sixpence that can be realized by the sales is to go to Sara: to be paid into her hands absolutely, without the security of trustees, or guardian, or anything. But as to his having died the wealthy man that he was thought to be, it is quite a mistake. So far as we can make out, there was no money laid by at all."

Oswald did not care to pursue the theme. The disposal of Dr. Davenal's property was nothing to him; and if he could not help a suspicion crossing his mind as to how the laid-by gains of years had been spent, it was certainly not his intention to enlighten his brother Marcus. Neal had hinted at hush money months ago, and the hint was haunting Oswald now.

"Was it not a sudden death at the last?" exclaimed Caroline.

"Very," said Oswald. "It must have been a sad shock for you all. I am sure your cousin feels it much."

"Sara? Well, I don't know. I don't think she feels it more than I do. She seems as still and calm as a statue. She never shed a tear yesterday when the will was being read: and I am sure she listened to it. *I* never heard a word for my sobs."

But for the melancholy subject, Oswald would have smiled at Caroline's faith in her own depth of grief. She had yet to learn the signs of real sorrow.

"She is not demonstrative, I think," he observed, alluding to Sara.

"She never was," returned Caroline: "and therefore I argue that there can be no real feeling. I have gone into hysterics ten times since the death from only thinking of it, as Mark knows: and I question if anybody has so much as seen Sara cry. I said to her yesterday, 'How collected you are! how you seem to think of everything for the future!' 'Yes,' she answered in a dreamy sort of way, 'I have got work to do; I have got work to do.' I don't know why it should be," continued Mrs. Cray, after a pause, "but in the last few months Sara seems to have altered so much: to have turned grave before her time. It is as though all her youth had gone out of her."

Oswald rose: He believed his mission had been accomplished—that there was no doubt of Mark's investing his wife's money for her benefit in accordance with the doctor's wishes. They pressed him to remain and take some tea, but he declined: he was returning to town that night. His last words to his half-brother proved how completely he was astray.

"Mark, it would be only kind of you to set Miss Davenal right. I am sure the misapprehension was causing her serious pain."

"I'll attend to her," rejoined Mark, with a careless laugh, as he went with him to the hall door. "Good night, Oswald. A safe journey to you."

Mark returned to his wife. He had not quite liked to use that deliberate deceit to Oswald Cray in her presence. But Mark was ingenious in sophistries, in that kind of logic which tends to "make the worse appear the better reason," and Caroline put full faith in him as she listened to his half apology, half explanation.

"It would never have done to enlighten *him*," observed Mark. "What I have said, I said for your sake, Carine. Oswald is one who would rather let a man plod on for years on bread and cheese, than see him make a dash and raise himself at once to independence. He's a slow-going fellow himself, and thinks everybody else ought to be!"

And, propping his back against the side of the mantelpiece, Mark Cray enlarged upon all the grandeur and glory of the prospect opening to him, painting its future scenes in colors so brilliant, that his wife lost herself in a trance of admiration, and wished it could all be realized with the morning light. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Curious Effect of Lime on Alligators.

A moorman caught a young alligator in his fishing kraal in the Matura river, and I went to see it. It was alive, and, to all appearances, there was no reason why, if left alone, it should not grow up to alligator's estate. Its length was about three and a half feet. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for testing the correctness of what I had heard in the north of the island about the remarkable effect of lime upon the alligator, I asked a man to bring me some; on which he procured from a neighboring house a lump of the chunamb, or lime prepared from shells, which the natives are in the habit of chewing along with the nut of the areca palm, and the leaves of the betel-creeper. The lime had previously been moistened with water. Having opened the jaws of our unfortunate victim—an operation to which it submitted with exemplary resignation, (when it found it could not prevent it)—we inserted, as far back as the opening into the throat, a lump of chunamb about as large as a pigeon's egg, after which we put the animal into the water. Immediately it turned over on its side, and then on its back, and appeared paralyzed. Soon its eyes closed, and I thought it was dead. After about five minutes it revived a little. I could not remain longer to watch it, but in the evening I rode to where it had been experimented on, when I found that it was dead, and learned that it had died within two hours of my leaving. On examining its mouth, I found that the lime had not been swallowed, but was still in the throat, just where it had been placed. I do not remember to have read in any work on animals of this antipathy of the alligator to lime; and it still remains to be explained how it is that a substance of that nature, specially prepared for the use of man, and by him daily chewed, should have so powerful and instantaneous an effect upon an animal otherwise so tenacious of life, when merely placed in the mouth, without being swallowed. The experiment may appear to have been a cruel one, and yet, perhaps, it was the speediest and easiest mode of killing the alligator. I may now venture to state that the Tamuls have an idea that if a bullet be filled with lime before firing at an alligator, it will, wherever it penetrates, cause a wound that will prove mortal. I have, since making the experiment related above, been told that it is not uncommon for the Singhalese to fill the stomach of a bullock with lime, and to place it near an alligator's haunts, knowing that if he swallow the lime, death will ensue.

☞ Here is a capital epigram on "A Driving Cloud:"—

"O, guse upon the driving cloud,
  Rushing o'er hills and plains!"
"But why call that a *driving* cloud?"
  "Because it holds the rains [reins]!"

THE LOYAL FLOWER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

As I strolled about the garden,
  Close beside the box-edged walk,
I espied a bright-hued flower,
  Trembling on its slender stalk.

"Heart's ease!" I exclaimed, "my darling,
  I rejoice thy blooms to see;
Come, make bright my study table—
  Come, and bring *thy name* with thee."

"Ah!" replied the gentle Flower,
  (Dew, like tears, her cup ran o'er—)
"While so many hearts are bleeding,
  I can *Heart's ease* be, no more;
Till is crushed this foul rebellion,
  Call me—*Viola Tri-color.*"

Philadelphia.

My Bee-Hives.

I wanted to provide a nice yard for my bees, where they would be retired, quiet, and undisturbed by noise or people. I knew they must fly over high fences, and even over houses, to get out into the country, where their food was to be found. The only spot I had was a mere sand-bank, some fifty feet square—pure sand, not a green thing on it. The first thing I did was to purchase a load of young pine-trees, and set out so many, that if one in four lived it would be enough. The next thing was to get a green turf over the yard. My hives were set down close to the ground, as they always should be; and each having a roof over the white box, they looked like a miniature city set down on a miniature Sahara. I asked advice, and everybody said, "It's of no use; you can't make anything grow there."

There is nothing like trying; so I sent and procured a quantity of pure white clover-seed—almost four times the quantity fit to sow, under ordinary circumstances, on such a space. I next had my ground dug and manured. Then I sowed my seed and carefully raked it in. This was in the early spring. I had done all I could, and as well as I knew how. I now waited for the spring rains. In due time they came. The sands soaked them all up, and I could find no evidence that my seed was alive. The spring passed away, and the summer came and went, and the autumn came and went, but there was no sprouting. Not a single clover-leaf showed itself. Then came the cold, hard, freezing winter, and where was my poor seed then? The second spring returned, and still no signs of life. "Your seed must be dead," said one. "You will never see it again," said another. "Such sand cannot give life to anything," said a third. Not knowing what to do next, I did nothing. Now notice. Towards the close of the summer—the second summer—I went away for some weeks. On my return, lo! my yard was covered with a thick, green, beautiful dress of young clover, and much of it in blossom. It was a thick matting of life, covering and hiding all the sand; and the blossoms were like miniature snow-balls, impaled each on a green spear. How beautiful! What proportion of the seed sown had sprouted? I did not know. Why was it so long in sprouting and showing itself? I could not tell. Would it always be thus with the white clover-seed? I could not tell. But my bee-yard is now beautiful. And a great lesson I learned from it.

When I have spent wakeful and weary hours, and many of them, too, in preparing to speak to my congregation on the most important of themes, and it seems to make no impression; and when I do this week after week, and month after month, I sometimes feel much discouraged. But a single visit to my bee-yard, and a single recollection of the quantity of seed sown, and of the long, long time it was in sprouting, give me hope and courage. Who knows what may come of it yet?

I sometimes go out—nay, often go out—and preach in the outer corners and districts of our town. I go from week to week, and from year to year, and I see no fruit, no repentance. I mourn over it; but I think how I have sown the seed, and then I think of the bee-yard.

Sometimes a Christian mother speaks to me of her children; how she tries to teach them and fill their minds with Bible truths, and does this from week to week through years, and yet she sees no results. I tell her the story of my bee-yard, and encourage her to persevere. The seed will not perish, though it may be long in growing.

Sometimes I watch a certain faithful Sunday-school teacher that I know. She has had that same class now for eight years—ever since they were five years old. She has been sowing the seed, and praying for a blessing on it, all this time. But nothing that is green yet appears. It seems like sowing on the sand. But I cheer her, and bid her think of my bee-yard.

Wearied pastor! with a heart often aching because thou seest no return from the seed sown:

Faithful missionary of the cross! sowing upon the very bare sands, year after year, and nothing like verdure yet seen:

Praying parent! instructing thy little ones, and longing to see what thou canst not see—their conversion to Christ:

Patient teacher! sowing and toiling, and apparently in vain:

Courage—courage all! for in due time you shall reap, *if* you faint not. *Remember the sandy bee-yard!*

ANCIENT GRANTS.—Formerly the wax was bitten by the grantee, instead of sealing. In a rhyming grant of William the Conqueror, are these two lines:—

"In witnesse that this thing is soothe,
I byte the wax with my wang toothe."

The following curious poetical title-deed, granted by William the Conqueror, is copied *literatum* from the original grant:—

Concessum ad Paulum Roydon.

I Willim, King, the thurd yere of my reign,
Give to thee, Paulyn Roydon, Hope and Hope towne,
With all the bounds both up and downe,
From heaven to yerthe, from yerthe to hel,
For thee and thyn, thereinne to dwel.
As truly as this King right is myn,
For a cross bowe and a barrow,
When I sal cum to hunt on Yarrow;
And in token that this thing is soothe,
I byte the whyt wax with my wang toothe,
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,
And my thurd sonne Henry.

WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

Let us linger awhile in the twilight,
You and I, by the in-flowing tide;
For to-night our paths still lie together—
To-morrow, you know, they divide.

And mine will be rugged and stony,
While yours will be smooth, bright, and fair;
'Tis but right! So I know you are happy,
What is there that *I* cannot bear?

There's a secret that I have kept hidden
Deep down in a cell of my heart,
And I thought it would lie there for ever,
Or till death soul and body should part.

But to-night, in this sweet, sad leave-taking,
It struggles, and will not be still;
And it flutters its poor little pinions,
'Gainst the iron bars of my will.

It would fain break all bonds and fly upward,
And sing on my lips its sad song,
And destroy in one moment the prison
In which I have kept it so long.

But how dare I give it it's freedom,
To be scorched in the blaze of your scorn,
And so to come back bruised and broken,
To make my heart still more forlorn?

See here, in the sand I will write it,
At your feet, within reach of the spray,
Where the waves, as they rise high and higher,
Will presently wash it away.

And you shall not speak as you read it,
The sea shall make answer for you,
For the first wave that rears its proud foam-crest,
Shall dash all my words from your view.

I will e'en take the answer my lady,
So courted, so noble, so grand,
Must make the poor artist, who ventures
To write such words even in sand.

But again in the ripples that follow,
I shall hear your own voice, sweet and low,
Going back to its womanly instincts,
And pitying thus my deep woe.

And so, when all traces are vanished,
The secret will mine be again,—
All my own, for *you* must forget it,
And *I*—I will smother my pain.

And we two will go back together
To the world. I can laugh and be gay
This one night; 'tis the last, for the morrow
Bears me and my troubles away.

Look, now it is written. Great Power,
'Tis repeated by all things around.
I love you, I love you, I love you!
Is the burden of every sound.

It is written in fire on the sunset,
It is sung in the voice of the sea,
The wind takes it up and repeats it,
While it mocks at my love and at me.

But, hark! I can hear it low murmur'd,
By a voice, of all sounds the most dear;
Surely *I* must be mad, for I thought it
Your voice, speaking close to my ear.

* * * * * * *

But no! oh, thank heaven, 'tis not madness!
Sound it forth, oh ye earth, sea, and skies!
She loves me, she loves me! I read it
In the depths of her beautiful eyes.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XII.

SEEMING SECURITY.

Aurelia's prediction about her own speedy restoration to health was no idle one. She gained strength, as if by magic, from the time of Sergeant Miller's visit. After all, as Dr. Gillies bluntly observed, the hurt she had received was not worth speaking of—a scratch that a few inches of gold-beater's skin might have cured. The true danger was in the violent shock to the nerves; and the old doctor, who was a learned man in his way, reflected upon all he had read relating to nerves, but could not quite account for the complete prostration of so vigorous a constitution as that of Miss Darcy, except by supposing an amount of latent timidity apparently foreign to the patient's nature.

"If it had been Miss Clifford, who screams at seeing a mouse cross the floor, or Mrs. Batterby, whom I had to bring round with ether and spirits of ammonia, when, as she declared, the spider bit her finger, I should not have been surprised. But Miss Darcy! Well, those calm, grand-looking women are sad cowards at heart, after all!"

The doctor was not quite right. Aurelia was not quite a coward. The trifling hurt she had received had caused her little alarm. It was not the pistol-shot that had frightened her thus: it was the face—the haggard, terrible face that she had seen glaring up at her from the dark lair among the evergreens—a face that bore such a likeness to one once familiar to her, as the distorted countenance of a demoniac might have done to that of the same man before the blight fell upon him. It was the face—full of vindictive passions and lurid wrath, full of almost unearthly hate and malignity livid and menacing. It had produced more effect in its mute threatening than the actual attack on her life. It had haunted her dreams, and made her pillow uneasy, and sapped her strength, and made every distant sound, even the opening or shutting of a door, even the roll of wheels, appear as the trumpet-call of the last awful judgment. Under that spell of fear Aurelia had cowered like a conscience-stricken criminal, whose agonized ear detects the far-off steps of the men who come to drag him forth to the scaffold.

But now that the face was dead and still, lying under the sullen waters of the slow, oozy river—dead and still, never to rise again, accusing and avenging, on this side of the tomb—never again, until one Great Day, when Aurelia vaguely knew that she must confront that face again, in the pitiless noonday light that no counterfeit could endure, and when the heart should give up its secrets, as the grave its prey. But that day was far distant, so Aurelia Darcy reasoned, and all immediate risk was at an end. She mended apace. Her nerves were braced as her strength returned. There was no more febrile emotion such as she had lately shown. Harder than ever looked the classic beauty of her face; and her old smiles, and her old tones, and tricks of speech, and pretty majesty, were all restored.

Lord Lynn was allowed to see her, and all the dimples about her mouth peeped mannily forth to welcome him, as she half timidly held out her hand. He pressed it warmly to his lips.

"I have come to ask for this dear hand," he said. "I wish you to forget all that happened on that night, my Aurelia—all but what we two said."

Aurelia's fingers returned the pressure of his. She looked up at him, as he bent over her, and her beautiful face was dressed in smiles, not all false ones.

"I have not forgotten!" she whispered, and then they were very silly and very happy, as lovers ought to be, only that Aurelia could not *quite* get rid of the one miserable thought, of the one dark memory. Do what she would, she saw before her eyes that wet white face, swollen and livid, deep down under the dark water of the river. But she rallied her courage, and played her part to the life. It was not all acting; she really liked Lord Lynn very much. She liked, not only Hollingsley and the fourteen thousand a year, not only the ancient peerage and high social rank, but Hastings Wyvill as well; though had he been a younger brother, her predilection might have been less decided. However, she seemed to Lord Lynn everything that was good, and sweet, and fair. He had suffered so much during her illness that his old doubts—which, after all, had rested on no foundation—were swept away and lost to sight. To him she was the handsomest, cleverest, best of living women. He linked her image with his future life. She was to spur him on to noble exertion, to cheer him in defeat, to be the first to hail his triumphs, should he win triumphs, to be his true helpmate and stay in the course he had laid out for himself as an English peer. And Aurelia listened to his ardent recital of his day-dreams, not without sympathy. Her head understood his motives, if her heart did not.

"He will be an earl," she thought to herself, as she smiled assent to her lover's confident projects for future benefits to be won, not for himself—he had no selfish aspirations—but for the poor and the suffering, by his toil in public life; "I am sure they will make him an earl."

But her smile was as bright and grand as if she had been as much engrossed by philanthropic projects as her future husband. Then in came George Darcy, and when he found how matters stood, it was evident that if the course of true love did not for once run smooth, the obstacle would not be caused by parental cruelty. It would be untrue to say that the owner of Beechborough had never thought of the possibility of so brilliant a match for his daughter, but certainly he had never considered it probable, or near at hand; and when he learned the fact that Lord Lynn was anxious to place the coronet of a baroness on Aurelia's head, the son of Mr. Hanks could not hide his delight. He was capable at that moment of any absurdity, even of aping the "heavy father" of the stage, with his "bless ye, my children;" but Aurelia did not choose that he should make himself ridiculous, and Lord Lynn's tact soon put him at his ease. An hour or two passed by very pleasantly; and then Lord Lynn remounted his horse, and turned towards Stoke. He had somewhat neglected his relations of late; he would make amends by being the first to communicate, in person, the news of his engagement.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EAVESDROPPER.

"In the name of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, whosoever will apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, the person or persons unknown, who on the night of the 13th of October, in this present year, at Beechborough Hall, in the parish of Holton and shire of Warwick, did discharge a pistol or other firearm, with intent feloniously to kill and slay, shall, on the conviction of the said person or persons, receive the reward of One Hundred Pounds. Information to be given to the superintendent of County Police, at the Shirehall, Warwick."

The handbill which contained these words, printed in big black letters, and surmounted by the royal arms, lay spread on a block of chalk, while a man, the sole tenant, as it seemed, of the adandoned limekiln on Crowley Down, stooped forward and strained his eyes to read it by the waning light. Crowley Down overhangs one portion of the Blanchminster road, and from the Danish or British barrows on its crest, you can see the white wooden church-tower of Patcham village against the western sky. In the side of the steep hill has been scooped the old limekiln, and it looks neglected and uninviting enough. It has been long disused. The rough road that leads to it, once practicable for carts, is now overgrown with brambles, rank grass, and nettles; and though the place might afford some shelter to the houseless, gipsies and tramps commonly prefer to plod on a mile or two, rather than take up their quarters in a spot, where, as local legends declare, a foul murder was done.

Perhaps the man who was slowly perusing the handbill, was too much a stranger to Warwickshire to have heard of the dismal legend alluded to; but, at any rate, he had ensconced himself in the second, or smaller and innermost recess, and was crouching just behind the brick-door jamb, whence the rusty iron door of the furnace had been rudely wrenched long ago, when the kiln was given up. The outer portion of the cave was larger, and had more light; but the occupant of the inner den seemed content to sit in the twilight gloom of his temporary abode, and to peruse the handbill by such feeble radiance as the autumn sun, fast going down behind black clouds, afforded him in the cave where he sat, like a wild beast in its lair. A young man yet, in spite of the forehead furrowed by premature lines, in spite of the sallow, sickly complexion, and the stooping attitude. He was one of those wrecks of whom we say, with careless pity, that the object of our scrutiny must have been good-looking, once. And indeed, if the long black hair, matted and rusty, had been cared for, if the traces of hardship and sorrow could have been smoothed away from the haggard young face, and if the eyes had been less hard and wild in their expression, the wanderer might have been pronounced one whom women might look upon without dislike or fear. But not so, now.

Coarsely clad as this man was, in the red flannel shirt, suit of ill-made slops, nailed boots, furred cap, and gaudy neckhandkerchief, which railway-laborers so often wear, neglected and forlorn as his appearance might be, there was still a lingering air of refinement that clung to him even in that rough disguise. That he was an educated person, few observers could have doubted, and his bony hands, with their long flexible fingers, were not those of a navvy, or indeed; of any one accustomed to earn bread by manual toil. For some minutes he sat staring at the handbill, and then recovering himself with a start, folded up the piece of printed paper, and thrust it into one of the gaping side-pockets of the coat he wore. Then he turned his head, and began fingering, purposelessly, as it seemed by his abstracted air, a little heap of objects that lay on the floor by his side. These objects comprised, among other things, a copper powder-flask, a loaf of bread, some fragments of cheese and scraps of bacon, a pocket-knife, some morsels of jagged lead, perhaps cut or torn from a window-frame, the stump of a pencil, and a thick roll of cartridge paper. Just beyond them lay a rough stick, freshly cut from the hedge, and to one end of which was loosely tied a bundle rolled up in a common blue handkerchief.

The owner of this incongruous property touched and stirred every one of these articles in turn, and as it were mechanically. Then he took up a fragment of lead, and with the large blade of the knife, haggled and hacked at it, until he had separated about eight or ten small lumps of metal, about the size of swan-shot, and these he tightly screwed up in a piece of paper, and placed in his waistcoat pocket. Next, he took up the loaf, tore off a portion, and lifting it to his lips, along with some scraps of the cheese, began to eat ravenously. But his hunger was soon satisfied, or his mood changed, for he ceased eating as abruptly as he had begun, and, taking up the pencil and the roll of white paper, traced sketch after sketch upon it, listlessly bending over his work. It was no easy matter for even the best eyes to see the fine lines of a drawing in that twilight, but it was evident that the hand that held the pencil was a practised and skillful one. The rough sketches produced were mere outlines, but the stamp of talent was upon them all. Here, a few pencil-marks imaged forth the wild scenery of some mountain district, where the crags seemed to shut in the small lonely lake. There, rose into being the presentiment of a half-barbarous village, picturesque and slatternly, with its narrow bridge over a torrent, and its straggling collection of ruinous cabins. But more often the pencil was busy in imaging forth a face, now smiling in its fresh young beauty, now grave and sorrowful, now dead and still, with closed eyes and features at rest for ever, but always the face of a fair woman. There was merit and force in all these sketches, unfinished as they were, but the tenant of the cave struck his pencil across them, one by one, as he turned to a new subject. And presently he tore the paper across and across, rolled the torn scraps into pellets, and stamped on them with his heel, fiercely, loathingly, and as if he were crushing the life out of a dangerous reptile.

Then he laughed harshly, and drawing from under his clothes a canvas belt that he wore around his body, extracted from it nine or ten gold pieces—sovereigns—and a ring. The ring was a pretty little hoop of pearls, made for a lady's wear, evidently. The man counted out the golden coins, several times over, seeming to gloat over them and to measure out, mentally, the amount of their value. But when his eyes lit on the ring he frowned, and seemed for an instant as if about to set his heel on the costly toy, and crush it as he had crushed the paper. Then his humor changed, and he pressed the little ring to his lips, and kissed it wildly, passionately, as a bereaved mother kisses the tiny shoe, the broken plaything, that remind her of her lost darling. There were tears in the man's eyes, and he muttered incoherent scraps of fond talk, and rocked himself to and fro, murmuring the while. Next, he replaced the money and ring in the belt, carefully readjusted it around him, and untying the handkerchief, thrust the food and the other articles into the bundle, retied it, and, taking up the stick, prepared to quit the limekiln.

At that moment the blackening sky seemed to be rent asunder, and a broad yellow flash lit up the whole horizon, while after a few seconds came the deep-toned diapason of the thunder, echoing among the chalk-pits, and the rain dashed down in huge flat drops, and a cold, moist wind rushed howling into the cave. The wayfarer changed his purpose of going forth, and sank back into his old place, yet less with the air of one who feared danger or inconvenience from the storm, than as if he looked on the elemental war without as a spectacle that interested him. Shading his eyes with one thin hand, he watched the flashes as they gleamed, now in forked streams of dazzling light, now in sheets of flame, against the swarthy cloud-bank. The rain came hissing down, and lashed the stones around, and the darkness increased.

"In with you, Nick! Any port in a storm!" cried an almost breathless voice outside; and two men rushed into the outer compartment of the kiln, stamping with their heavy boots upon the floor, and shaking the wet from them like water-dogs on the bank of a river. The tenant of the inner den drew back behind the projecting wall, and sat motionless and silent, after one stolen glance at the intruders, whose eyes, unused to the gloom of the cave, and half blinded by the lightning, had been unable to descry him. One of these men was Nicholas Brown, the evil-eyed son of the reputed witch who kept the toll-bar on the Blanchminster road; the other was a little sunburnt man, wiry and active, with the keen face of a terrier. He was miserably dressed in cotton slops, such as many working-men wear in summer, but which formed but unseasonable wear for the chill time of the autumn rains, and he was wet to the skin, while the dust on his shoes had caked to mud. His hair was cropped in strict conformity to prison rules, and he was a woe-begone object, but his demeanor was bold and brusque, and Nicholas Brown spoke to him with a sort of deference, as if the little man were the more mounting spirit of the two.

For awhile their conversation mainly consisted of a running-fire of oaths; but when the clay pipes they both carried were charged and lighted, the soothing influence of the tobacco exerted its effects, and they relapsed into silence. The small man was the first to break that silence.

"You've bungled the job, Nick, that's as clear as a glass of Old Tom, and don't I wish I had it here, just now. A fellow hankers after a drop o' comfort, mewed up with crank and chaplains in that 'ere Temperance Hotel at Wakefield, where I've been spending the summer, and this wetting tops it all. But tell me how it came about. Who blew the gaff?"

"Why, nobody," growled Brown; "the young lady came over on the Friday mornin', precious early, and we came to terms, mother, and her, and me; and if we'd had any luck the cove would have been stowed snug away, that same night. But he never come back. Went away, arter breakfast, and never came back, and left the money for his week's lodging on the table. Never a word did he say to mother, nor yet to Sally, and from that day to this, cracked or not, we never set eyes on him."

The other ruffian took a few contemplative whiffs at his pipe. Then he spoke: "So you told the girl you couldn't do the trick she wanted of you, was that it?"

Mr. Brown rapped out a big oath:

"No, that was one of the old woman's dodges. She *is* a deep one. Says she, once we tell the young Miss we're done, she'll draw her purse-strings tight, and what good would that do us? This here hankercher, says mother, was to be sent to Miss as a sign all was serene. Well and good. We'll send the hankercher, and if so be we can collar that chap, we will collar him. If not, we'll just make a pretence of havin' got him fast, and it'll go hard but we net another tenner, says the old lady. Ain't she a deep one?" And Mr. Brown pointed his filial enthusiasm by a fresh oath. His companion waited a moment before he said:

"Did you give Jem the office?"

"No, I didn't," grumbled Nicholas; "'cause why, Jem's in quod. Got into trouble about some linen off old Dame Medhurst's hedge, like a fool. And the other cove's gone on tramp. So you may guess how jolly glad I was to see you coming along; and says I to myself, Game Dick's out of the Yorkshire stone-jug, and he's the pal for me. So I told you all about, didn't I, old fellow?"

"Ay, and a good job for you, my lad. You've not got a headpiece to do much good of yourself, and if Mother Brown's tidy sharp, she's spoiled by respectability;" was Game Dick's unflattering remark. "I take it for granted the beggar shot at the young lady, and from that time to doomsday you'll not get a tanner, unless I help you."

Nicholas Brown growled out something about his friend's superior acuteness, and added that he wanted to ask for hush-money; but that his mother, anxious for her good name, was against any attempt at extorting money by threats, especially since no evidence existed. Game Dick took time to consider.

"Young lady's well again, is she?"

"Right as a trivet!" returned Mr. Brown, replenishing his pipe. A slight noise, caused by a sudden motion on the part of the stranger, here reached the sharp ears of Game Dick, who hurriedly said: "Ware cavesdroppers! did you hear that?"

Brown gave a lazy laugh.

"Only a bit o' chalk, or a scrap of mortar, maybe, tumbling out of its place. You don't know this kiln as well as we Warwick chaps. Why, there isn't a cadger goes this road would sleep here for a gold guinea, ever since old Sam's throat was cut by his 'prentice and his servant wench, nigh forty-five years back. They never found where Sam hid the stocking of money, though." And Mr. Brown smoked on, probably meditating on the lost treasure for which so much trouble had been taken, long ago.

All this time the thunder had been roaring, the arrowy lightning rushing across the sky, and the rain beating the earth. But the storm was abating, and its fury had much diminished before Game Dick spoke again:

"Nick, lad," said he, "do you ever feel a longing, in your dreams for instance, to have done with the cross lay once and for all, and to be an honest man."

Words, for some moments were insufficient to express the stupefaction of Mr. Brown. He broke his pipe, expectorated vigorously, pulled off his hat and scratched his shaggy head.

"Bless my eyes!" he said at last, only the word bless is a mere modification for the energetic expletive which Mr. Brown really employed; "Game Dick turned Methody—Game Dick pattering all that parson's gammon!" And he beat his hat with his broad hand, furiously.

His friend resumed, unmoved by this display of astonishment.

"Nick Brown, you're a fool. Which is best off, a rich chap on the square, with his crib and his pair-horse trap, and his wife and kids in satin and silk, or you and me? I've had time to think, in that jug at Wakefield. If I can get money, off I start for America and begin the world, and no more of this work, if I knows it. Now, if we could get a matter of nine hundred pounds between the three of us."

"Eh! what! why, what are you talking about?" cried Brown, much excited.

To this his more astute friend made answer that if they could only lay hands, secretly, upon Mrs. Brown's late lodger, they should have the ball of fortune at their feet, or, as the graduate of Wakefield jail termed it, the cards in their own hands. Lord Lynn had offered a sum of five hundred, which government had supplemented by a reward of one hundred, and Mr. Darcy of another hundred. In all, seven hundred pounds might be earned by the apprehender of the person who had attempted the life of Aurelia Darcy.

"Seven hundred pounds, not nine. Still it's a tidy lump; but I'd rather not go into court for it. The coves in wigs do ferret a chap about so. Something awkward might come out," said Brown ruefully. His friend's answer was cheerful.

"You ninny, you! You shan't go into court, nor yet see a councillor's wig. Don't you see how the cat jumps? The young lady was awful anxious, warn't she, to get that lodger of Mrs. Brown's hid out of sight. Why so? that's her business; but if she offered you a hundred as I'd offer a pal a screw of tobacco, no doubt she'd pay a precious sight more, or her dad would, to keep things quiet. She's to be married to that young lord, I understand, two months from this, and—there's somebody listening!"

And up the fellow sprang, with a curse, and hurried towards the inner part of the cave, whence a loud and startling noise, caused by the upsetting of a boulder of chalk, overthrown by some incautious movement of the stranger within it, had proceeded. The ruffian could just distinguish a dark form crouching within; but in the next moment he felt the cold muzzle of a pistol touch his cheek, and the quick snap of a percussion-cap followed. The weapon had missed fire, and Game Dick, who was really a bold scoundrel, grappled with his enemy, and a desperate struggle ensued.

"Help, Nick, help! or he'll choke me. He's got his knuckles in my neck hankercher," gasped the thief, gurgling and panting for breath. Then followed a short confused noise of violent trampling and scuffling, and then the sound of a blow such as a butcher strikes in the shambles, and which was succeeded by a groan, and the heavy fall of a human body among the chalk-boulders.

"I believe it's our queer lodger," said Brown, striking a light, and examining the face of the fallen man by the blue glare of the match; "yes, it is. What a lot of fight the cove has in him. Lucky I'd got my nobbler in my pocket." So saying, Mr. Brown thrust the murderous-looking combination of lead and whalebone, facetiously called a life-preserver, back into the baggy side-pocket of his velveteen coat, and ignited another match.

"You've hit him too hard," said Game Dick; "too hard by half. We shall have Old Harry's own trouble to get the thing hushed up, and as for our reward, that tap on the crown has turned our chance into smoke."

"No, no, he's only stunned. But what's to be done now?" asked Nicholas Brown, fingering his weighted "nobbler," as if he thought it a pity not to complete the job he had so deftly begun.

"What's to be done, now, you green gander?" scornfully repeated Game Dick, as he cast a keen glance at the small patch of darkened sky, visible through the low-browed arch of the cave; "why, make all our fortunes, in course. Wern't we ready to hunt this chap high and low, and haven't we got him now, and a bargain too, if it wasn't for the squeeze on my windpipe. Tie your hankercher round his feet, so—now this fogle—fasten his wrists together—better than handcuffs—gag him—that blue rag that belongs to his bundle will do for that, with a bit of stick to keep the teeth from closing—here's some string—all right. Now, we'll carry him down between us, you taking the head and I the feet, and he can't bawl out, even if he gets over that sickener you gave him, before we get him into Mother Brown's cellar."

Nicholas Brown, galvanized into activity by the energy of his accomplice, lent his aid in binding and gagging the prisoner, operations which the more adroit ruffian executed with much dexterity. Still he hesitated.

"It's dark, to be sure, and there's no moon, but we might meet somebody, and perhaps the police. Suppose we're asked what we're doing?"

"Then," rejoined Game Dick, readily, "we'll say it's one of our mates has had a drop, and hurt his head tumbling over the public-house fender. Here's my coat. Lay that over the chap, and no one can see that we've tied his feet together. Come along."

And as the Down is at no great distance from the turnpike, and the prospect of gain spurred this precious pair of friends to exertion, the captive, helpless as a calf on its way to the butcher's, was dragged into Mrs. Brown's kitchen, and allowed to drop on the stone floor, evoking a scream from Sally, the girl of fourteen, daughter of William Brown, serving his time at Bermuda in Her Majesty's hulks.

"Hold your tongue, wench?" growled Nicholas, who was but a bearish uncle, and always harsh with his juniors; "get up-stairs with you, and mind you keep mumchance about anything you see *me* do, unless you want your neck wrung." The girl slunk off, and Mrs. Brown came clinking out of the yard, in pattens.

"Lads, lads, what tricks are you playing? Why, Richard Flowerdew—why, Game Dick, *you* here and what's this one?"

And here Mrs. Brown's voice grew shrill and excited, and she forgot her respectability, and pounced on the prey.

"The lodger—the lodger! Now we've as good as dug up a pot of gold, for the young lady must pay now, and we can make her pay, too, and then there's the guvment reward—but the squire's daughter will be the best one to trust to, I'll warrant her."

"Well done, missus! Hit the right nail on the head, in a trice, she has!" cried Game Dick, admiringly, while Nicholas smote his knee with his heavy palm, and took a succession of grim oaths that his parent was up to a thing or two, and a regular deep one. But Mrs. Brown soon remembered her respectability, which was the mask under which she lived, and was most anxious to be informed how her son and his friend had got possession of the prisoner, and whether any farmer or cottager had seen them conveying the apparently inanimate body towards the turnpike.

"Missus, no one saw us," said Game Dick, impressively; "but, I say, this chap's weak and low. Nick hit him very hard, but it was when he was throttling the very soul out of yours truly, and Nick did it for the best. If that pistol of his hadn't snapped fire—but that's done, and need not be raked up. I've been putting my hand on his heart—it's as weak in its beating as a dyin' sheep's and he can hardly breathe for the gag, and may go off, and cheat us. So if them lodgings below ground are ready, and you've a drop of spirits handy—"

The widow did not wait for the conclusion of the speech. She took a black bottle and a glass from a cupboard, seized a candle, and lifted a heavy trap-door, or rather a wooden flap, that covered a flight of brick steps leading downwards to some cellar or pit. A moist air rose from the vault, and made the candle flicker. Nicholas and Game Dick between them carried their captive down the steps, until they reached a large square excavation, dimly lighted by a small glazed window, grated over with iron.

"Hard and fast!" cried Nick Brown, as they laid the helpless form upon a heap of shavings in one corner; "I think he'll not leave these apartments quite so easily as the others. Hard and fast!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Relieving Guard--March 4th, 1864.

[The following verses from the San Francisco *Golden Era*, were suggested by the death of Thomas Starr King:]

Came the Relief. "What, Sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark—as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling;
And in yon Western sky, about
An hour ago, a Star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God,
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

FRANK BEL HARTE.

FLOWER CULTURE.—Thousands of acres of soil are annually planted to flowers in France and Italy, for making perfume alone. A single grower in Southern France sells annually 6,000 pounds rose flowers, 30,000 pounds each of jasmine and tube-rose, 40,000 pounds of violet blossoms, besides thousands of pounds of mint, thyme, rosemary, &c., and he is but one of hundreds engaged in this branch of horticulture.

☞ The prettiest female hood—Girlhood.

THE GALLOP FOR LIFE.

A Texan Adventure.

Among the many captains who obtained notoriety for their bravery and skill in Indian fighting, few were farther known, or better liked, than Captain Lewis. "Legs Lewis," as he was familiarly called by his band, was a very tall thin man, standing at least six feet four in his stocking feet; and his legs, from his spareness of make, looking unusually long, and these obtained for him the *sobriquet* by which he was known far and wide. This length of limb, too, had made him a marked man by his tawny foes, and there were few Comanche warriors who had been for any time upon the war-path but had seen Legs urging his horse to lead his company in their pursuit.

Legs Lewis's Rangers were scouting near the head-waters of the Rio San Marcos, one of the largest tributaries of the Rio Guadalupe, when the following hard gallop was performed by the captain:—

For some weeks the hunters, in their daily excursions after game, had come across no trail, or "Injun sign;" and, supposing that the Indians were on the buffalo-grounds, farther to the north-west, or else attacking the Mexicans in the state of Cohahuila, Legs concluded that he might turn the troop over for a few days to his lieutenant, whilst he ran down to Seguin, a town on the Guadalupe river, about fifty miles to the south-west, where he had business.

The sun was some hours high on this October morning before Legs had finished tying to his saddle his spare blanket, his tin cup, which served sometimes to dip up water from a stream with, or to boil his coffee in, and a little wallet, which contained an ounce or two of parched coffee pounded in a piece of buckskin, a pinch of salt, a few red capsicum pods, and some strips of jerked venison—which Spartan fare he intended to serve for his supper and breakfast, hoping to reach Seguin about the middle of the following day. Legs Lewis was a hardy, temperate young man, and he paid far more attention to the loading of his revolvers, and their extra cylinders, than he did to provisioning himself for his journey. His last orders given, and a shake of the hand all round to his comrades, he mounted, and, holding a south-westerly course, struck out across the prairie, hoping to make the Guadalupe timber before sundown, where he could build his camp-fire; and then, skirting the forest, the next day he knew would bring him to Seguin.

About two hours before sundown he struck the timber on a small creek which joined the main forest on the Guadalupe; and in turning a point of this wood, which stretched out some little distance into the prairie, he came suddenly upon a war party of Comanches, about one hundred strong. Legs saw that he was discovered; the same instant that his eyes fell upon the painted warriors, a score of their black eyes were turned upon him. His peril flashed through his mind no quicker than did his resolution how it should best be met. To retreat was almost to ensure his capture and death; for although his charger was a good one, he had ridden him a long distance, and he doubted whether he could escape his pursuers in a fair race across the open prairie for the two hours which yet remained of daylight. If he could only elude the redskins till the sun went down, he had no doubt that, as there was no twilight, he should be able to effect his escape easily enough when once it became dark.

The timber upon the creek was too narrow to offer him any hope of concealment, and he saw at once that his one chance depended upon his reaching the great forest on the Guadalupe; once in that, and the sun below the horizon, he was too good a woodsman to care for the yelling Indians in his rear. The Indians, however, were between him and the forest of the Guadalupe, and to make a *detour*, to "round them," was hazardous, for he had no doubt the party would divide, so that whilst one division chased him upon the prairie, the other would keep before, to cut him off from his shelter; he had not had to do with Indians so long without knowing how readily they would divine his intentions. All these thoughts, which take time to describe, flashed instantly through the brain of a man who was constantly exposed to danger, and accustomed to rely upon himself for extrication, and he saw in an instant the right thing to do—and he did it. Not doubting that more than one of his enemies had recognized him as the leader of a corps of Texan Rangers, who would scarcely be expected to be alone, or far from his men, Legs coolly turned his horse sideways to the Indians, and waved his hand as though beckoning to his troop to hurry up. After giving two or three quick motions with his hand, he drew and cocked a six-shooter; then, putting spurs to his horse, charged full at his enemies, giving, as he came at them, his war-cry, which many of them had heard before.

The *ruse* succeeded; for, between their attention to the desperate man who charged them so fiercely, and the expectation of seeing his troop of buck-skinned warriors come pouring round the point, the Indians were so surprised that they forgot to uncoil their lassos, though a few let slip their arrows at him as he passed through them, discharging his six-shooter as quickly as he could, and with that unerring skill which constant practice gives. Their surprise only lasted for a few seconds; but, short as it was, it had been sufficient to enable Lewis to break through his foes. Seeing that their tall antagonist kept his course for the distant forest, and that no band of rangers rounded the point, the savages saw that they had been duped very cleverly, and that they might now, perhaps, capture their hated foe. No time was lost by the Indians; as soon as they perceived the truth, they stretched out at their horses' best speed, yelling their war-cry, "How-pow-poo-oo-oo-ah!" But this, which would have sadly tried the nerves of any one unaccustomed to it, had no effect upon Legs, except to warn him that the savages had found out the trick, and were now in eager pursuit. He had gained at least four hundred yards by his rush, and this he hoped to keep from the main body of his pursuers. As to now and then one distancing the rest, and coming pretty close to him, this caused Legs no uneasiness; for though he had emptied one six-shooter in his charge, he had yet the other, and the extra cylinders, making altogether eighteen shots more in defence; and even the discharged cylinders might be reloaded—for he and all the rangers practiced this at full speed—if he was not pressed too closely. For about the first two miles he kept his lead of about four hundred yards, after which the Indians began to lessen the distance between them; for the ranger's horse, one of the best for speed and endurance upon the frontier, had had a long journey, whilst the Indians' mustangs were comparatively fresh. Over one prairie roll after another Legs urged his horse, and the indistinct blue forest in the distance became each minute better defined, and soon the taller tree tops and giant branches were cut out clearly against the glowing sky made by the sinking sun. Hope rose high in Lewis's heart as he saw himself drawing so close to the forest, and rage possessed the savages, for fear he should gain its shelter, and with the aid of night escape their vengeance; so they goaded on their horses with their quirts (raw hide whips), and, in some instances, the points of their knives, to overtake the fugitive.

About one mile remained to be crossed before the welcome refuge would be reached, and the best mounted of the savages strained every nerve to overtake their prey. Ever as one approached too near, the pursued, turning in his saddle, either menaced with his pistol, the leading savage, or, if within reach, stopped him with a bullet. In that last mile he said he discharged his pistol eleven times, so closely was he pressed; and so desperate had the savages become to capture him, that they forgot their Comanche maxim, "It is better to lose five foes than one warrior."

At last, after a hard gallop for nine miles (he rode the distance afterwards to ascertain its length), he plunged into the forest, and about the same time the sun went down. Having gained, as he supposed, a safe distance, he dismounted, loosened the girth of his saddle and allowed his horse to recover its wind, and after that to graze a little; but he never left his hold upon the reins, nor relieved his senses from their strain, listening to every sound in the forest, to the dull soughing of the wind through the branches, and especially to the hooting of the owls, for these birds are easily imitated, and their cry is often made use of as a signal by Indian scouts. As soon as his pistols were loaded, and his horse sufficiently rested, Legs led him carefully to the edge of the forest, pausing often to listen for any sound which might warn or guide him. Once outside the forest, he mounted, and took his course for Seguin, where he arrived soon after daylight the following morning, without any further adventure.

The Slighted Maiden.

M. P———, an old soldier of stern and unyielding disposition, decided to marry his son to the daughter of a fellow companion in arms. The young man had conceived other projects, and contracted another engagement. But, through excessive timidity, poor Arthur did not dare openly to resist the commands of his father, whose first words had been so brutally overwhelming, that he passed all the time between the engagement and the wedding, doing nothing but sighing deeply. Mlle. Emma L——— took his melancholy for classic symptoms of love, and began to adore him more than ever. On the morning of the wedding, they repaired to the house of the magistrate; Arthur was sad, reserved, and seemed to have formed some desperate resolution. Emma was in raptures.

Monsieur, the Mayor of C———, the preliminaries being over, addressed the bridegroom the customary question:

"Arthur P———, do you consent to take Emma L——— for your wife?"

Arthur slowly raised his head, and in a voice choked by emotion, but full and resolute, replied:

"No!"

General excitement, scandal and scenes of confusion prevailed. They separated in disorder, the indignant parents demanded an explanation from M. P———, the father, who seemed struck with apoplexy. As for Arthur, he escaped and left for Paris.

Some days after, a young lady ascended the stairs of a furnished hotel, Rue Saint Honore. She had inquired of the porter for M. Arthur P———, who had arrived the evening previous. It was Emma come to Paris with her father and M. P———, in search of her affianced who had so shamefully insulted her; but she was alone now. She rapped at the door of No. 17, and entered without waiting for an answer. The young man was lying down reading a newspaper. Emma walked directly up to the bed, and drawing from under her shawl an enormous horse-pistol, which doubtless, she had stolen from her father.

"Sir," said she to Arthur, her eyes flashing fire, "you have insulted me; I demand satisfaction; that satisfaction I exact pistol in hand. Let us return to the Mayor of C———, both in wedding attire; he will put you the usual question; you will say 'yes,' I will say 'no.'"

Emma brandished her pistol in both hands. It was an argument. But, after all, it was only her right, or nearly so; at least such was Arthur's opinion. He consented, and left the same evening with his father, who gnashed his teeth all the way. They appeared again before the Mayor—the same magistrate. Arthur boldly answered "yes," and prepared his countenance, always bashful enough, in order to bear the reply of his betrothed.

The Mayor continued:—"Emma L———, do you consent?" Emma answered "YES," in the most natural tone imaginable.

M. P———, the father, is delighted, and feels assured that a union commenced under such auspices will end in a fairy tale!

A French Anecdote.—At the commencement of the winter two journalists were in conversation at the opera. The one, M. de X———, is a bachelor, the other, M. De Y———, just married. "Well," said the one to the other, "how do you get along in your new condition?" "Ah! my dear, there is nothing like being married. You cannot imagine how happy I am. When I am at work my wife is at my side, and at the conclusion of each paragraph I embrace her. That is charming." "Now I understand," was the happy retort of X———, "why your sentences are so short." This conversation quickly spread through Paris. From that time forth the articles of Y——— were consulted by the public as the thermometer of his conjugal felicity. During two months the prose of M. Y——— was disjointed and epigrammatic, in shorter periods than are to be found in the earlier writings of Emile de Girardin. All the women grew jealous of Madame Y———. But gradually the periods elongated, the phrases were more involved, the paragraphs were inflated, the honey-moon was passed! At last Madame Y——— opened the journal edited by M. Y———, and casting a rapid glance over the article signed with his name, cried: "What! but a single paragraph in the whole article. Poor woman, a divorce will most assuredly follow."—*Nain Jaune.*

Anecdotes of Dogs.

The intelligence of dogs is so confessedly greater than that of other animals as to have induced some speculative writers to assume, on behalf of these animals, the existence of a faculty different from mere instinct, and approaching in character, if not identical with, the faculty of reasoning in man. Be this as it may, the faces of dogs are more expressive of the intelligence of different varieties and different individuals, than are the faces of any other animals. If the testimony of dog authors be worth the paper consumed in recording it, the rough-coated dogs stand generally higher in the grade of canine intelligence than their smooth-coated competitors. Having proclaimed, in obedience to the highest authorities in these matters, the existence of a certain mental superiority on the part of rough-haired dogs, it may be as well to call to mind a few of the canine varieties, and see, by reference to them, to what extent the allegation is justly founded. Remember, then, that ordinary sporting spaniels belong to the rough-coated race, and, in respect of these, any sportsman will testify to the possession of a greater general intelligence than belongs to their smooth-coated associates in sport—the pointers. We must except toy spaniels from the intelligent race. They are mostly stupid dogs; but, poor thing, their stupidity, as well as their diminutive size, is the result of non-natural conditions. Resuming our glance at the curly dogs, the magnificent Newfoundlander himself—only a sort of big spaniel—comes in for notice. To expiate on his remarkable intelligence would be time thrown away; but, considered as to general ability, general mental endowments—as we may say, expressing ourselves in a canine sense—even the Newfoundlander must yield precedence to the poodle. Of all clever dogs poodles are the cleverest, on which account they are mostly chosen to perform in exhibitions. Most of us, I dare say, have seen clever dogs go up ladders, come down ladders, dance, walk on tight-ropes, turn somersaults, roll globes on shaky planks, and trench in other ways on the fields of art cultivated by Messrs. Blondon, Leotard, Boleno, and their confederates. In all these cases, so far as our observation extends, the performers have been poodles. Meaning no offence to Messrs. Blondin, Leotard, and Boleno, we must nevertheless affirm our belief in the proposition that there *do* exist acts and operations requiring the exercise of higher intellectual powers than those involved in somersaulting, trapeze-swinging, and rope-dancing; whence, by parity of reasoning, we are led to affirm that talking, singing, and philsophically meditative dogs, stand higher in our estimation than do the acrobatic, rope-walking, terpsichorean, and ladder-climbing, or, as Dr. Johnson we dare say would have written, "scalo-scandential" dogs. One instance at least is recorded of a talking dog. We have never had the pleasure to fall in with a dog of this kind; therefore the reader must come to his own conclusions about talking dogs, after having studied the evidence we shall presently supply. We certainly did once go to hear a dog sing. If a categorical answer anent that singing, yea or nay, were to be now insisted upon, we should hardly know how to acquit ourselves conscientiously. Assuredly the vocalist did appear: there were no apologetic excuses; there was no pretence of cold, bronchitis, or—that wonderful plea of dubious meaning—"indisposition." The instrument, an accordion, *did* strike up; a poodle dog *did* join in; but whether he sang or did not sing depends very much upon what we choose to call singing.

And now about a talking dog, the evidence concerning which is by no means despicable. According to Leibnitz, who communicated the account to the Royal Academy of France, a certain dog belonging to a Saxon peasant could call, in an intelligible manner, for tea, coffee, chocolate, etc. The history of the case was as follows:—The boy fancied he perceived some indications in his dog of an ability to speak; he thereupon began to educate him. When first thus taken in hand he was about three years old. The animal did not like learning, and played the truant when he could. It was necessary that the words should be pronounced each time, after which he would repeat them. Leibnitz testified to having himself heard the dog talk in this way; the exhibition having taken place at Misnia, in Saxony.

Even more extraordinary, to our apprehension, than the very limited power of talking just recorded, is the record of intellectual display made by some learned poodles belonging to a French gentleman called Leonard. The editor of the "Lancet," having heard of the abilities of M. Leonard's dogs called upon them and their master in order to ascertain for himself. We should here remark that M. Leonard was a private French gentleman, not an exhibitor of his dogs for gain.

Two dogs, Brace and Philax, being formally introduced to the editor, bowed very gracefully, and then seated themselves on the hearth-rug by his side. The introduction over, M. Leonard spoke to his dogs in French, ordering one of them to walk, the other to lie down, gallop, halt, crouch, etc., which they performed without a fault, and with the docility of children. They then, on receiving their master's order, went through some circus feats, performing as well as the best trained ponies at Astley's. He next placed six cards of different colors upon the floor, and, sitting with his back to the dogs, directed one to pick up the blue card, the other the white card, varying his orders rapidly. For instance, M. Leonard said, "Philax, take the red card and give it to Brac; and Brac, take the white card and give it to Philax." The dogs instantly did this, and changed cards with each other. "Philax, put your card on the green; Brac, put yours on the blue," were the next orders, at once executed. Pieces of bread and meat were next put upon the floor, with figured cards, and a variety of directions were given to the dogs, so as to put their intelligence and obedience to a severe test. They brought the meat, bread, or cards, as commanded. Philax was next ordered to bring a piece of meat and give it to Brac; then Brac was told to give it back to Philax, who was to return it to its place. Philax was next told he might bring a piece of bread and eat it; but, before he had time to swallow it, his master countermanded the order, and bade him prove he had not disobeyed; whereupon Philax opened his mouth and showed the bread uneaten.

This part of the exhibition over, M. Leonard invited a gentleman to play a game of dominoes with one of his dogs. The human player intentionally played a false move; the dog looked surprised, stared very earnestly, growled, and finally barked angrily. No notice being taken of the remonstrance, he pushed aside the wrong domino with his nose; then took up a suitable one of his own, and played it instead. The human player then played correctly, but the dog won the game. This is a very extraordinary record, as the reader cannot fail to allow, and it is perfectly well attested.

A Dutch Romance.

The Paris journals relate the following story in regard to the interpreter of the Japanese Embassy, now in Paris:—

Frantz Bleckmann was a native of Holland, but being of a roving disposition, embarked on board of a vessel bound to Batavia to seek his fortune. Years passed by, and nothing being heard of him, his friends at last concluded that some accident must have befallen him, and that he was dead. His father had remained in Holland, but being unsuccessful in business, he came to Paris. Here his resources soon failed him, and writing to a friend for a small loan, he received the following letter in reply: "I send you the money you ask for, and add to it the photographic portraits of the Japanese Embassy. You will remark the face of one of these strangers, for he is the very image of your son."

The father could not perceive the resemblance; the features were certainly the same, but the closely shaven head and Oriental costume greatly puzzled him. He, however, went to the court-yard of the hotel in which the Embassy was staying, and was so fortunate as to arrive just as the Japanese were passing to go out. The original of the portrait he at once recognized, and called out, "Is that you, Frantz?" In a moment the son—for Frantz it really was—and the old man were locked in each other's arms. The Ambassadors, who witnessed the scene, were greatly moved; and old Bleckmann's troubles were now at an end, as the son is wealthy and prosperous.

A Yankee Notion.

An American capitalist came to me not many months since, says a sculptor, and opened the conversation by saying: "Sir, your name is Robson." I admitted my name was Robson. "And you are a staturary," said he. I admitted this fact also, substituting sculptor.

"Sir," continued he, "I will give you a commission." I bowed, and begged him to be seated. "Robson, sir," said he, drawing a paper from his pocket, "I am a re-markable man. I was born in the in-vi-rons of Boston city, and began life by selling matches at five cents the bunch. I am worth, at this moment, a million of dollars." I bowed again, and said I was glad to hear it. "Sir," he went on to say, "how I almed that million of dollars—how from selling matches I came to running of errands; to taking care of a hoss; to trading in dogs, tobaccos, cottons, corns and sugars; and how I came to be the man that I am—you'll find all made out on this paper—dates and facts correct. Sir, it's a very re-markable statement." I replied that I had no doubt of it; but that I could not see what it had to do with the matter in hand. "Sir," said my capitalist—"everything. I wish to perpetuate my name. You have a pretty thing, sir, here in Rome—a pillar with a procession twisting up all around it, and a figger up at the top. I think you call it Trajan's column. Now, Robson, sir, I wish you to make me one exactly like it—same height, same size, and money no object. You shall re-present my career in all my va-ri-ous trades a-twist-ing round the column, beginning with the small chap selling matches at five cents the bunch, and ending with a full-length figger of me on the summit, with one hand thus in my bosom, and the other under my coat-tails!"

Repentance at Leisure.—The Chicago Tribune says that at a picture gallery in Kenosha, Wisconsin, the subject of marriage was sportively discussed by a party of young ladies and gentlemen gathered there. Among the gentlemen was a lieutenant of an Illinois cavalry regiment (the 19th,) and among the ladies was a Miss M———, daughter of one of the oldest settlers. They proposed to get married to see how it would seem. Just then a magistrate came in. Shoulder-straps asked the squire if he would marry him. He said yes, if he could find any lady to have him. Miss M——— jumped up, and said she would have him. The justice instructed them to stand up and take hold of hands. The usual questions were asked and answered, and in five minutes they were man and wife. Then came the serious part of the joke. When the new-made bride found she was really a bride her laugh turned to tears. Her lawful husband wished her to go to his hotel with him, but she fled to her own home. Her parents, nearly distracted, appealed to the justice to undo what he had done; but were informed that the statutes of Wisconsin gave him no authority to separate man and wife. Night came on. The bride was kept at home and the husband forbidden to enter the house. He is determined to have his lawful wife. She and her whole family are in great distress. Thus matters stand at the present moment.

A Well-Preserved Native.—The *Daily Union*, published at Virginia, Nevada Territory, says that the remains of an Indian were lately found in the immense salt-field near Sand Springs, about eighty miles from that city, completely embedded in rock-salt, four feet below the surface. The body was in a state of complete preservation, and, from appearances, had lain in the same position for many years, or perhaps for ages. The flesh was perfectly dry, like that of a mummy, and it was evident that it had been perfectly saturated with brine, which prevented its decay. The Indian was about the usual size, and resembles the Piutes that now inhabit the same locality. Part of a bear-skin and a rude bow were found near by, and at a distance of a few yards a pair of elk-horns of enormous size were disinterred. The supposition is that this entire salt-bed was once a lake, and that the animal that had been wounded had taken refuge in the water, whither he was followed by the Indian, who sank in the mud at the bottom, and was unable to extricate himself, and thus perished.

☞ Matrimony.—When a young tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks him is: "Are you able to pay the charges?" That is to say, in plain English: "Are you able to keep a wife when you have got her?" What a world of misery it would prevent if the young women of all countries would stick to the wisdom of that question! "Marriage is not made of mush-rooms, but of good round cake," is one of the pithy sayings by which our ancestors conveyed the same prudence.

The Amusements of Animals.

In writing of an universal provision for the happiness of the animal creation, Paley quaintly says he is at a loss to find amusement for cockles and oysters. Not having much experience as to the hidden life of these inert beings, we shall not now attempt to investigate the fact as to whether or not the mollusk is capable of positive enjoyment. With all due deference, however, to the opinions of many learned authors, both ancient and modern, as to the alleged fact that happiness in animals is simply a result of their blind obedience to certain laws of nature, we cannot but conclude from our own observation, however faulty it may be, that the majority of the higher animals experience from external circumstances a degree of positive pleasure little inferior to that felt by the human being in the enjoyment of his most favorite recreations. As an example of this, we cannot do better than to quote an anecdote lately told us by a friend, concerning a favorite pony, whose love of the chase was so great that the animal, when confined, would break through all restraint when a hunt was going on, and follow the hounds, despite all obstacles, coming in riderless at the death, as regularly and proudly as he ever had been accustomed to do under the guidance of bit and bridle.

When we hear a sporting dog's yell of delight at sight of the fowling piece, can we for a moment doubt that the animal's pleasure in field sports is well nigh equal to that experienced by his master. It may be argued, however, that such demonstration is simply the result of our dog's delight in being newly freed from his kennel, or the mere physical enjoyment of air and exercise. Doubtless, such causes have much to do with the animal's pleasure, but we think we can trace a difference in the degree of happiness he expresses in only going out for a run, and his unbounded delight in seeing any preparation for his favorite sport. The exuberance of vitality peculiar to young animals may account for the kitten's frolics, the lamb's graceful gambols, and a thousand pretty entertainments we love to watch in the young quadruped families which surround us. Not only, however, do young animals thus enjoy themselves; their staid parents have also sports and pastimes, into which they enter with unmistakeable *gusto*. To our own personal knowledge, an old cat, now in our possession, lately kept a mouse as a *plaything* in the room we occupy. For some time the mouse would only venture slyly forth, occasionally to steal a few morsels from the cat's dish; finally, however, gaining confidence from the evident absence of all hostile intentions on Tom's part, the tiny animal would at length come boldly forth from its hole, sitting in the middle of our cat's dish with the most amusing impudence and *sang froid*. Soon, however, in evident good part, the cat pounced tiger-like upon the little intruder, which, carelessly retreating a few feet, returned again to its meal, to be repelled anew in the same good-natured and totally harmless fashion. So often, indeed, was this amiable proceeding repeated, that at last the mouse came daily forth—even in the absence of Tom's tempting dish, as if to indulge puss in the little game which evidently gave him so much entertainment. Nor was the mouse ever once punished for its temerity, Tom's weapons of offence being always withdrawn close to his soft, velvety paws whenever they arrested the tiny thief in the act of its *petty larcenies*. In this case it seems evident that the cat's love of amusement was stronger than his natural inclination to kill or disable his victim. Who has not found amusement in watching a game at *sham battle* between two cats, the mimic belligerents now eyeing each other from their respective places of ambush with the most comical expression of feigned fierceness, again luring the mock enemy forth by stratagem, till the victor, making one final desperate sally, leaves the weaker combatant in a state of apparent prostration, both at last coming to a perfect armistice, expressed by an amiable process of mutual licking.

Nor are these charming revels confined to the frolicsome kitten—grave old cats and dogs, like their master, man, doubtless require their seasons of recreation, which seem well-nigh as needful to them as their daily food. With what evident excitement dogs will *ask*, as plainly as dog-language *can speak*, for a repetition of the stick or stone thrown for their amusement. On occasions when the rifle volunteers have met in our meadows, we have seen the cows and horses assemble in crowds to listen to the band. *Apropos* of animals' love of music, it is stated by persons who have lived in hot climates that a species of lizard will assemble in great numbers during musical performances, actually climbing upon the instruments to listen with apparent delight to the concert. From the unwearied perseverance and activity wherewith birds and insects construct their nests and habitations, may we not reasonably conclude that they derive actual pleasure from their work? We have noticed among caged birds that they will often, without any disturbance, pull their nests to pieces, and reconstruct them two or three times, as if really unwilling to discontinue their interesting occupation.

To those persons who, weary of the commonplace diversions of every-day life, seek for some fresh and interesting source of enjoyment, we cannot recommend any amusement more fascinating than that of observing and studying the amusements of animals. R. A. C.

Cost of Paper.—The following facts are supplied to me by a gentleman engaged in the paper trade. He is partner in a mill which has been erected and set to work since the repeal of the duty. His statement is this:—His mill is almost a new one. For the four months ending October 31st, 1863, he found that he made his paper at a cost of £57 per ton, and that did not pay. He did not complain; he joined in no agitation for the re-imposition of the paper duty; but he and his partners set themselves to work to see what could be done by improvement in the processes, and by the use of chemical agents, so essential in the manufacture of paper. In October, 1863, they produced paper, as I have said, at £57 a ton, and at the present moment they are producing at a cost of £39 a ton; and this gentleman declares that the article now produced is better than what he produced at £57 a ton.—*Mr. Gladstone's Budget Speech*, 1864.

☞ We read an English account of a Welsh church ceremony that "there was only one thing that marred the touching nature of the service, and that was the immense amount of expectoration that was going forward all over the chapel. Even the minister, while preaching, was not careful to refrain from indulging in a habit that seemed to be so generally prevalent." Where's Dickens?

Bloomers Redivivus.

One of those curious conventions in which "strong minded" women sometimes indulge has just been held in New York. The question to be settled by this convocation was in relation to the proper style of dress for women. An immense majority of American women have no difficulties in relation to this subject. They accept the fashions from the milliners, *though the latter should propose styles ever so ridiculous.* But among our gentle sisters there are some who undertake to enjoy their own ideas, and crave to be independent of the Paris fashions. They have, for some reason which metaphysicians have never explained, a hankering after bifurcated garments, and a disdain of frocks. They desire to reform female dress, by assimilating it to the male costume, and the nearer they can bring it to the masculine standard, the greater their happiness. Women of this character were the principal actors in the late Convention. One lady, who is called "the Niagara county farmer," is thus described:—"She wore a nondescript costume, of which but a faint idea can be given by any other medium than that of actual sight. It might be supposed to be a sort of bathing dress, lacking, however, the gracefulness with which that garment adapts itself. The coat, if that is the proper name of the upper garment, was made of brown stuff, fitting closely to the waist, from whence the lower part hung down, appearing something like a gentleman's frock-coat with the back in front. Her pantaloons extended to her substantial shoes, which bore evidence to the truth of the statement that she had travelled over ten acres of ploughed land this spring, sowing wheat. The lady appeared to be about forty years old, and was rather thin and square-featured, and her face somewhat bronzed by out-door labor and exposure to the weather. Her hair, which did not appear to have been carefully combed, was cut squarely off above her shoulders." This strong-minded and strong-fisted woman declared that the cause of the delicate health of a large proportion of our American ladies is that they did not work hard enough. Having herself sown ten acres of ground with wheat this year she knew whereof she spoke, and she was of opinion that if a woman in ill health could not find wheat fields to operate upon, it would be better for her to "go out in the lots and dig up stumps," if she could find nothing else to do.

A younger lady, dressed in the Bloomer costume, and displaying a white linen shirt-bosom, seconded the views of her agricultural friend. Another one, a feminine Doctor, declared that in regard to woman's dress, "she thought an improvement for the better is needed in some manner. They are worn too tight around the waist and too long. If ladies would wear their dresses loosely, they would find their lungs expanding, as they should, and the ribs widening from the sternum, or breastbone, outward. They will then be obliged to 'let out' their dresses about every year, to suit this natural expansion of the waist."

It appeared from the discussion, which was entirely on the merits of the shorter or bloomer dress, that there were three parties present, namely, the radical reformers, the conservative reformers and the compromise reformers. The radical reformers went for the very short skirt and the coat to be worn on all occasions; the compromise reformers, for the bloomer dress on certain occasions as a useful and comfortable, but not exactly an ornamental dress; and the conservative reformers for such changes for the better as can be made without making the wearer appear singular, and in opposition to present public opinion.

These matters brought out a great deal of experience, and finally the debate ran into an inquiry whether ladies who wore the "reform costume" were liable to be insulted. One lady who had "a thin visage and her hair parted on one side," had worn the favorite costume for years, and never been insulted but once, and that was late at night, when she was in the street alone. Another lady had the happiness to have been married in a bloomer dress, and wore it on her wedding tour. Some of the congregation objected, but she persevered, and now she was universally beloved among the members, all on account of her short skirts and trowsers.

Mrs. President, who wore a leather-colored coat and pantaloons, summed up the evidence. She made the following remarks:—

"Under the present style of dress women compress their chests, and confine the proper action of the vitals, and partially destroy the proper functions of the organs of the chest and abdomen. A great weight of two or three skirts hangs from their waists, to the great detriment of their health. *If a lady wears a long dress* she must wear some under-skirt to set it out from the limbs and allow their action. If she wears hoops, she must wear at least one skirt over them and under her dress, for no lady will wear her dress immediately next the hoops. It is useless to say that all this weight can be suspended from the shoulders. It is impossible with a closely-fitting waist. It must be suspended from the chest, which causes a soreness, as the skirts are continually swinging while she walks, and thus many of the peculiar diseases of women are brought on. The short skirt obviates all this difficulty, for it can be hung from the shoulder with ease to the wearer. She had often delivered lectures in country towns, and succeeded in inducing sometimes twenty ladies in a place to adopt the reform dress. She had often been a subject of curious observation when appearing on the streets in the dress, but never was insulted."

The grand finale of the affair was the report of the Committee on Dress," which body, unfortunately, agreed to disagree. Between the coat and trowsers and the short dress and trowsers, they found themselves unable to decide. They were unanimous, however, in favor of the pantaloons, but between the coat and the short skirt frock they could only say, "How happy could I be with either were the other dear charmer away." The Convention adjourned without coming to a decision, but it seemed to be a popular idea that when they meet next year they will have a grand "Bloomer" procession, headed by a brass band, in order to awaken feminine interest in the valuable objects of their coming together.—*Philada. Inquirer.*

☞ Mr. Newton, the Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture, has just issued a circular containing important information. He announces that no prepayment of postage is required in addressing small parcels, seeds, cuttings, &c., to his department. This franking privilege extends to all the departments, when the communications are upon official business, and are addressed to the chief and principal officers.

The Crops—Official Reports.

The National Intelligencer gives the following summary of the forthcoming reports of the Department of Agriculture on the condition of the crops in June:—

Apples.—A good crop in the Eastern and Middle states, but not good in the Western, much of the bloom having fallen off without setting the fruit.

Peaches.—In the Eastern states the crop promises well; in the Western it is almost totally destroyed, with many of the trees.

Grapes.—Many were killed to the snowline on the first day of January; others had the fruit buds more or less injured in the West; but still a fair crop is anticipated.

Wheat (Winter).—The growing condition of this crop is most excellent, except in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, where drought has prevailed, and in one or two other localities, but it was severely injured by the cold of last February. The general injury from this cause is estimated at not less than thirty per cent. As the time approaches for harvesting this crop in the Eastern and Middle states, however, it bids fair to be a superior one.

Spring Wheat.—In amount this crop is not quite an average on account of the lateness of the spring and the scarcity of labor, but it is in a very favorable growing condition.

Corn.—The lateness of the spring kept back planting, but the wet, warm weather has brought this crop forward very rapidly, and it promises well at this time. It is nearly an average crop in the number of acres planted, many injured wheat fields having been put in corn.

Oats.—Universally spoken of as the largest and most promising crop of the kind ever sown in our country.

Clover and the Grasses.—These are in excellent condition, and the expectation is that the hay crop will be unusually large.

Maple Sugar and Molasses.—Almost in every state where made there has been a large increase; the quality is spoken of as excellent.

Sheep.—The condition of this important stock is very good, for it received the best of care. The increase per cent. is equal to that of last year.

In the circular just issued, inquiries have been made of sorghum, cotton, tobacco, flax, beans, potatoes, hay, pastures, butter and cheese, in addition to some of the crops just noticed.

General Meade at the Battle of the Wilderness.—A story has been widely prevalent, that after the battle of the Wilderness General Meade advised falling back across the Rapidan. It was for intimating something of this kind that General Meade ordered the correspondent of a Philadelphia paper to be sent out of the army. A gentleman of Boston, who had heard the report indirectly from an army officer, wrote a letter of inquiry to General Grant, and has just received a reply from Lieut.-Colonel Theodore Lyman, Vol. A. D. C., who states that the letter "asking about the truth or falsity of the calumnious report," was duly received, and has been forwarded to Major General Meade, with an endorsement, of which the following is a copy:

"General Meade on no occasion advised or counselled falling back toward, much less across, the Rapidan. There has been no word or act of his, from the beginning of this campaign, which indicated even a belief on his part that such a step would ever become necessary. Such rumors as you speak of are entirely idle and without the shadow of foundation.

"U. S. Grant, Lieut. Gen.

"City Point, Va., June 22, 1864."

This effectually puts at rest a calumnious report which, uncontradicted, might have become historical.

☞ A Hartford fisherman was asked the other day (during the drought) if the Connecticut river wasn't very low. "Low," said the fisherman, rolling a quid of tobacco in his cheek. "I guess you'd think so if you'd seen what I saw yesterday. "What was it?" asked the questioner. "Why," replied the other, "I saw a couple of suckers 'lightering' a shad over the bar."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been unsettled. Sales comprise some 18,000 bbls, at $9@9,50 for superfine, $9,75@10,50 for extras, $10,25@11,50 for extra family and $12@13 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour—Small sales at $8 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal—200 bbls Brandywine sold at $8 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat, like Flour, has been unsettled. Sales reach about 25,000 bus at 220@250c for fair to prime Pennsylvania and Southern reds, and 240 to 255c for white. Rye is selling at 160@170c. Corn—some 30,000 bus sold at 160@165c for yellow, and 158@160c for whites. Oats 25,000 bus mostly Pennsylvania sold at 88@95c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market is buoyant, but less active. Mess Pork is held at $45@46, and Beef at $24@30 ₩ bbl for country and city mess. Bacon at 24@27c for plain and fancy Hams, and 17@18c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats we note sales of Hams in pickle at 20c, and bulk Shoulders at 16@16½c. Laid is quoted at 19@20c for bbls and tierces. Butter is worth 22@23c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 37@40c for New York State, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is selling at 16@21c ₩ lb, as in quality. Eggs are worth 25@26c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The week's transactions foot up about 300 bales within the range of $1,00@1,03 for middlings, cash.

ASHES—The market is on the advance.

BARK—Sales Quercitron at $47 for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX is quoted at 75@80c.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and on the advance.

COFFEE—Sales Rio and Laguayra at 43@45c, cash.

FRUIT—Sales are limited, and prices steady. Berries command full prices.

HAY is quoted at $25@30 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales at from 5 to 30c ₩ lb.

IRON—The market continues excited and on the advance, with a good inquiry for Pig Metal at fully former quotations.

LEAD—Galena is quoted at $16@16½ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER is dull; we quote White Pine at $31@33, and Yellow Sap Boards at $28@30 ₩ M.

PLASTER—Sales at $4½@4¾ ₩ ton.

SEEDS are quiet, with very little Cloverseed offering or selling. Sales of 300 bushels are reported at $8,50@9 ₩ bushel. Timothy—Sales at $2,50@3,50 for common and prime. Flaxseed is selling at $3,40@3,50 ₩ bushel. Of Buckwheat, sales are making at $1,65 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are very inactive. N. E. Rum is dull, with sales of 100 bbls at $1,00. Whiskey is unsettled and dull. Sales of barrels at $1,75@1,85.

SUGARS are more active. Sales of 700 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 20½@21½c, and Porto Rico, in lots, at 23c, on time.

TALLOW is held at 18c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is unsettled and irregular. Sales of 300,000 lbs are reported, in lots, at from $1 to 1,12½ ₩ lb, chiefly at $1,05@1,10 for medium and fine.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from $11 to 17 ₩ 100 lbs. 1000 Hogs at from $12,00 to 15,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5 to 6½c ₩ lb. 120 Cows brought from $30 to 40.

Cure of Small Pox.—The treatment of small pox in the State Almshouse in Massachusetts, where the disease has prevailed during the last three months has been singularly successful. Out of about sixty cases, but one fatal result has occurred, and that was in the case of a man who was taken to the house from a neighboring town in the last stage of the disease. The remedy used with so much success was a tea made from a plant known in the Materia Medica as Sarracenia Purpura, familiarly called Ladies' Saddle or water cup, the medicinal virtue of which lies in the root. The effect of the remedy, which has been newly discovered and found remarkably efficient, whenever tried, is to allay the fever and irritation caused by the formation of pustules, which are rapidly dried up, leaving but slight, if any traces of the malady.

A Scientific Vegetable Combination of Rare Ingredients—Not a Dye.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward B. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. Mrs. Miller,
No. 730 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 8ixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. my25-eow

To Clear the House of Flies,

Use Dutcher's Celebrated

LIGHTNING FLY-KILLER,

a neat, cheap article, easy to use. Every sheet will kill a quart. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO., 10th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, wholesale agents. jel8-8t

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—The beneficial effects resulting from the use of this remedy and its extensive use for Coughs, Colds and Throat Affections, has brought out many imitations, most of which contain injurious ingredients. The Troches have proved their efficacy.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of June, by the Rev. W. D. Patton, Mr. William J. Bunting, to Miss Mary A. Sherbert, both of this city.

On the 29th of June, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. James Groves, to Miss Anna B. Young, both of this city.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. William Hallman, to Miss Alien Megargey, both of this city.

On the 28th of June, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. William Stout, to Miss Margaret Alton, both of this city.

On the 30th of March, by the Rev. B. F. Price, Mr. Harry C. Taylor, to Miss Annie E. Cockell, both of this city.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. T. P. Coulston, George H. Williams, of Mass., to Miss Anna Fenimore, of New York.

On the 23dof June, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, assisted by E. W. Hutter, Mr. Daniel A. Yeagen, of Washington, D. C., to Miss Sallie A. Loucres, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Margaret P., wife of Edward Wilson, in her 50th year.

On the 5th instant, Charles Gray, in his 74th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Robt. Black, in her 32d year.

On the 4th instant, Esther, wife of John Abbott, in her 70th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. Henrietta A., wife of Sanford Mason, in her 63d year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. Ann Davis, in her 85th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Sarah Norris, relict of the late Thos. Norris, in her 97th year.

On the 2d instant, Margaret, wife of Robert J. Forsyth, in her 39th year.

On the 2d instant, Joseph Lewis, in his 60th year.

On the 1st instant, Samuel M. Vance, grandson of Samuel Macdougal, aged 26 years.

On the 1st instant, George L. Foreman, in his 28th year.

DIED.

On July 1st, at Fallsington, Bucks county, Pa., of pulmonary consumption, Henry, son of Henry Lippincott, M. D., aged 19 years.

How little are we apt to think as we carelessly pass these brief paragraphs, with the one solemn word *Died*, impending like a pall above them, of the heart-breaks and desolation that must lie behind each of them. This was the last of seven children—the last and dearest hope of an oft-stricken household—the last and most-leaned-upon prop of a loving father's declining life. Grave and thoughtful beyond his years—gentle, earnest, unselfish and affectionate, he drew to himself by a divine law, the best and tenderest regard of all who knew him; he was the one *trusted* friend of his associates, to whom their heart-confidences could go as to a purer and higher self. Generous, just, patient and good; so he lived—so he died. Is it well, oh, desolate father, to mourn that such a life should end thus and now, with its purity untarnished, its faith unshaken, its truth uncorrupted? Your heart's household is now complete in heaven;—yet a little longer, and you will go—not unto a strange land—not into an unlighted darkness, but *Home*, to your beloved. L.

Extra Attention to Strangers During the Sanitary Fair.

Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.

EYRE & LANDELL,
jun12-1y 400 ARCH Street.

$100 PER MONTH.—ACTIVE AND RELIABLE Agents in the Army and everywhere else, in the most lucrative business known. Honorable and no risk. Address or apply to T. & O. CAUGHAN, 116 Broadway, New York. jy9-8t

Whiskers! Whiskers!!—My ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days, satisfaction given, or money refunded. Price 25 cents, or 6 packages for one dollar, by mail. Address M. A. JAGGER, Calhoun, Illinois. 1t

All Wishing a New Instrument for catching fish as fast as you can pull them out, enclose 50 cents to JOHN L. FISHER,
1t Hamilton, Ohio.

Agents Wanted.—$50 per month guaranteed. For terms and specimens, address with stamp. L. L. TODD & CO.,
jy9-2m New York.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

West Jersey Railroad Lines.—Commencing Monday, June 20, 1864, from WALNUT Street Pier.

FOR CAPE MAY.

At 6 and 10 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
For Salem and Bridgeton at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.
For Glassboro' at 6, 9 and 10 A. M.; 4 and 4:30 P. M.
For Woodbury, Gloucester, &c., at 6 and 9 A. M., 12 M., and 4 and 6 P. M.

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Cape May at 6 and 11:45 A. M., and 5:10 P. M.
Leave Millville at 7:40 A. M. and 1:52 and 6:50 P. M.
Leave Salem at 6 A. M. and 1:15 P. M.
Leave Bridgeton at 6:15 A. M and 1:30 P. M.
Leave Glassboro' at 7:10 and 8:35 A. M. and 2:22, 3 and 7:50 P. M.
Leave Woodbury at 7, 7:40 and 8:34 A. M. and 2:50, 3:29, 5:05 and 6:12 P. M.

THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY, Office No. 5 Walnut street, will call for and deliver Baggage and attend to all the usual branches of Express business. Heavy articles taken by the 6 A. M. line only, and must be sent to the office the evening previous. Perishable articles by this line must be sent before 5½ A. M. A special messenger accompanies each train. J. VAN RENSSELAER,
jy16-8t Superintendent.

Decidedly the Best Instruction Book

FOR THE ORGAN, IS

"ZUNDEL'S MODERN SCHOOL,"

Which meets the student after he has obtained a moderate knowledge of the Elements of Music, and of the Key Board of the Organ, and conducts him through all the Details of Fingering, Touch, Stops, Pedal Playing, etc., to a full and Complete Mastery of the Instrument. Price, in parts, each $1,75. Complete $4, on receipt of which copies will be mailed, post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
jy16-tf Publishers, Boston.

WILLCOX & GIBBS Sewing Machine.

It is entirely noiseless.
A patent device prevents it being turned backward.
The needle cannot be set wrong.
It received the Gold Medal of the American Institute in 1863.
Send for a circular containing full information, notices from the press, testimonials from those using the machine, &c. JAMES WILLCOX,
Manufacturer, 508 Broadway, New York.

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CHICAGO—193 Lake Street,
CINCINNATI—70 West 4th Street,
LONDON—135 Regent Street,
HAMBURG—44 Hermann Street,
PARIS—90 Boulevard de Sebastopol,
ST PETERSBURGH—15 Gorochovay,
VIENNA—9 Wildpretmarket,
BRUSSELS—12 Rue Croisade,
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—299 Pitt Street.
jy2-3m

WENDEROTH & TAYLOR,

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND IVORYTYPISTS,

912, 914 and 916 Chestnut Streets,

PHILADELPHIA,

Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.

Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly-finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.

☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.

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39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7-3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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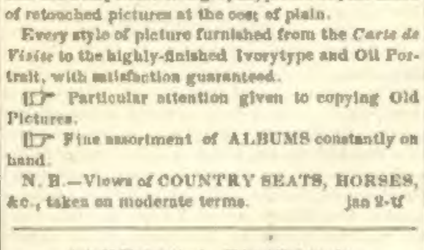


Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

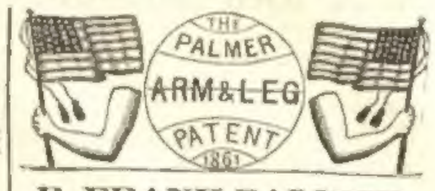
Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jel8-1y

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE

Magnifying objects 500 *times*, mailed for 25 cents. Four of different powers *for* $1.00. Also, the Double Lens Pocket Microscope for 75 Cts.
Address F. P. BOWEN,
jy2-4t Box 220, Boston, Mass.

500 WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—Whiskers and Moustache, Gold and Silver, Love, Courtship, &c. Also the Mine of Wealth, Road to Fortune or Secret of Success. The Hunter's Secret, Angler's Secret, and other secrets, with a fortune to any one, all sent free for 25 cents. Address J. W. STEPHENS, Verona, N. J. 1t

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Mustaches?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
jy27-4t 109 Nassau street, New York City.



B. FRANK PALMER.

Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations;
Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c.,
has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon Artist,
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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
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HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-6owly

THE GREATEST

DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

Farmers, families and others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, for dysentery, colic, croup, chronic rheumatism, sore throats, toothache, sea sickness, cuts, burns, swellings, bruises, old sores, headache, mosquito bites, pains in the limbs, chest, back, &c. If it does not give relief the money will be refunded. All that is asked is a trial, and use it according to the directions.

Dr. Tobias—Dear Sir: I have used your Venetian Liniment in my family for a number of years, and believe it to be the best article for what it is recommended that I have ever used. For sudden attack of croup it is invaluable. I have no hesitation in recommending it for all the uses it professes to cure. I have sold it for many years, and it gives entire satisfaction. CHAS. H. TRIMNER.

Quakertown, N. J., May 6, 1858.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. jy2-2teow

Tightness of the Chest.—We sneeze, a slight, thin, sharp, lehorous matter comes from our nose; we have heaviness of the head, great oppression of the chest, some tightness, and a little tenderness in the region of the lungs. Now, attention must be given to this state of facts, or inflammation of the lungs, or congestion may take place, and death be with us before we are aware.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

Say two, four, or six, according to age, sex and constitution, must be taken. They must purge very freely, drink warm drinks while the fever lasts, and as a diet eat plenty of good Indian meal gruel or chicken broth, with plenty of rice in it. By this treatment, on the second or third day the disease will be cured. This complaint is going the rounds, and will be followed by dysentery and diarrhœa, but they will be cured by the same process. The wise will have Brandreth's Pills where they can be easily laid hold on, and by taking them by the directions, safety and health will follow,

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. jy2-2teow

HEADS THAT REBEL

against the rules of Taste and Beauty, in their color or in the loss of all their color, may be changed in a few moments to any

BEAUTIFUL SHADE,

by a single application of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

The rapidity of its operation, perfect safety, permanent healthful effect; and the exceeding depth and richness of the hues it imparts, distinguish this preparation from all other Dyes in use in this country or in Europe.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative,

a valuable adjunct to the Dye, in dressing and promoting the growth and perfect health of the hair, and of itself, when used alone—a safeguard that protects the fibres from decay under all circumstances and under all climes.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. jy2-2teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

IDAHO.

The vernal rains were falling fast,
As through a western village passed
A youth, who bore a hickory pole,
And oxen under his control,
Idaho!

His brow was glad, his eyes were bright,
Nor to the left nor to the right
He turned, but kept with steady course,
And shouted 'till his voice was hoarse,
Idaho!

He left his happy home by night,
And towards the left he took his flight:
Above the moon in beauty shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Idaho!

You'd better stay, some old man said,
You'll surely lose your wits or head—
The stormy prairie's long and wide,
But loud that headstrong youth replied,
Idaho!

Beware of swindlers, cheats and thieves,
Beware of those who would deceive:
This was the old man's last advice,
To whom the youth said in a trice,
Idaho!

At length the barren plains he reached,
His bread most gone, his form well bleached;
But still he groaned that fervent prayer,
Which did not go far through the air,
Idaho!

A traveller on the Plains was found
Flat as a pancake on the ground,
Still clinging to his hickory pole,
And on the ground could scarcely roll—
Idaho!

There by the diggings, cold and gray,
Lifeless and penniless he lay;
And could he speak, you'd hear him say—
Humbug!

The "Dear Babies."

Conventionally, infancy is only another name for innocence. Practically, they are often wide as the poles asunder. Mothers, as a matter of course, will dispute this proposition; yet they know, in the depths of their affectionate hearts, that it is too true. A baby is a specimen of human nature uncontrolled by principle. It is a being of fierce instincts with no morals. Infant Neros and Caligulas are as plenty as blackberries, but where will you find your sucking Howards. Produce your philanthropic baby. Show us a sample of the race that will not gouge. Do they not all seize us by the hair, and tug thereat, with exulting warwhoops, as if they longed to scalp us?

Is it not necessary to keep their nails short, in order to avoid scarification? Are they not guilty of the most ferocious assaults upon the commissariat whence they derive their hourly rations. Has any baby ever been known to exhibit the slightest emotions of gratitude. Do they not murder our sleep, out of sheer malice, compelling parents to rise at the dead hour of night, and walk matches against time, until daylight? Is it not a common thing to see them become partially apoplectic with unbridled passion? And then look at their hypocrisy. Do they not indulge in blood-curdling shrieks of seeming agony, and, when undressed in consequence of suspicion of pins, do they not kick up their heels and crow at the thought of having hoaxed the mothers that bore them. It is all very well to say that

"Heaven is near us in our infancy,"

but the majority of parents know from bitter experience that it is quite the reverse. It is the opinion of observant persons, who have studied babies from a philosophical standpoint, that if their capacity for mischief were equal to their ferocity, they would soon exterminate the adults of the human family.

The Disadvantages of Being Agreeable.

I was once what is called an agreeable man: and the consequences of enjoying such a reputation were as follows:

I was asked to be godfather forty-eight times, and my name is recorded on as many silver mugs—value each £4 10s. 6d.

I gave away fifty-six brides, and as many dressing-cases.

I said "yes," when I ought to have said "no," six thousand five hundred and forty times.

I paid, in the course of fourteen years, £375 2s. 6d. for cab fares in excess of what I ought to have done.

I lent two hundred and sixty-four umbrellas, and never received them back again.

I gave up my stall at the opera when I wanted to use it myself, on an average, twenty-six times during the season.

I have had three hundred and odd colds, and retain a permanent rheumatism, from consenting to sit in draughts to oblige other people.

I have accepted two hundred and four accommodation bills for friends in government offices, and I am now going to Basinghall street to declare myself an insolvent, preparatory to my departure for Australia.—*English paper.*

WHAT SHE WANTED.—A young woman had been converted at a camp-meeting. The minister had told her that if she had faith, the Lord would give her whatever she would ask in prayer. Believing implicitly in his words, she one evening retired to a grove, and fervently prayed the Lord to give her a man. It so happened that an owl sat up in one of the trees, and being disturbed, gave out a who-o-o! She thought the Lord had heard her prayer, and only wished to know her choice. She was overjoyed, and with the greatest thankfulness of spirit, answered back, "Anybody, Lord, if it's only a man."

A NEW machine has been invented for printing cartes de visite. It prints by a new process, without ink and without pressing or drying. It requires no special knowledge or material strength; a child can work the machine with ease. The portraits always remain clear and distinct; and the price of the cartes is little more than that of pasteboard, as the machine does away with the cost of workmanship. The speed with which the machine can be worked is prodigious, throwing off no fewer than 100 per minute, with the clearness of lithographic impressions. The name of the inventor is M. Lebover, of Paris.

GRANDPA.—"Heyday! What makes my little darling so cross?"

LITTLE DARLING.—"Why, grandpa, mamma wants me to go to bed at ten o'clock, while all the company are here, as if I was a mere child."

Locusts as Food.

Various species of locusts have from the earliest times formed an article of diet. That the ancient Jews ate these insects is certain from the mention of four different kinds as allowable food by the law of Moses. "These ye may eat of every flying creeping thing that goeth upon all four, which have legs above their feet, to leap withal upon the earth; even these of them ye may eat; the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the *chargol* (Hebrew) after his kind, and the grass-hopper after his kind." The last Hebrew term, rendered "beetle" in our English version, is certainly because all insects, excepting the *Saltatorial orthoptera*, were disallowed as food (see Lev. xi. 23, 42.) Many people, even in modern days, are of opinion that the locusts which John the Baptist ate in the wilderness were not insects, but the long, sweet bean-lik pods of the locust tree (*Ceratonia siliqua,*) or *Johannis bredt*, "St. John's bread," as the Palestine monks still call this tree. But this is beyond all question an error; for the Greek word translated "locusts" in the authorized version of the New Testament, denotes the insect of that name, and has no other signification. Not Oriental nations alone, but Africans and Americans, use locusts as food at this very day. We learn from Diodorus Siculus and Strabo, that there formerly existed a people of Ethiopa, who are said to have lived entirely upon locusts, and who were called, from this circumstance, *Acridophagi, i. e.,* locust-eaters. These men are described as having been a small and lean race, with very black skins; they seldom lived beyond the age of forty. After they had taken a number of locusts, they salted them, which is said to give them an excellent relish. Diodorus Siculus gives a curious account of a dreadful disease which is said to result from eating locusts; there may be some foundation for the story, though the fact is denied by Niebuhr. The Hottentots of Africa, according to the account given by Spaerman, make locust soup, of a brown coffee color, and of a greasy appearance, but very nutritious. Dr. Livingstone thought locusts superior to shrimps. Gordon Cumming says that these insects "afford fattening and wholesome food to man, birds, and all sorts of beasts, even cows and horses, lions, jackals, antelopes, elephants, &c., devouring them." Dr. Shaw ("Travels," p. 256) compares the flavor of locusts, sprinkled with salt and fried, to that of the river cray fish. "An Egyptian Arab," says Niebuhr "Description de l'Arabie," p. 151,) "whom we engaged to eat locusts in our presence, threw them upon burning coals, and when he thought them sufficiently grilled, he seized them by the long legs and the head, and made a mouthful of the rest. When the Arabs have procured a large quantity, they grill them, or dry them in an oven, or boil them and eat them with salt." A companion of M. Niebuhr, who tasted locusts, thought they resembled a sardine. In many parts of South America, as I have been informed by a Virginian lady, now in this country, locusts and large kinds of grasshoppers are eaten by the people, who, after plucking off the heads, wings, and legs, put them into a pan with a little salt, and parch them. Friends who have eaten them there, unwittingly at first, supposed them to be small nuts indigenous to the country, and even grieved to be undeceived. The monks around Lebanon enjoy locusts as a dainty when dressed with olive oil. When the French first took possession of Algiers, they found exposed for sale in the markets a "pain de St. Jean" (St. John's bread,) composed of locusts pounded to a paste, and mixed with the flour of any grain. This is said to taste like oat-cake, but is crisper and more rich. And to come nearer home, I may state that a brother-in-law of mine, who has lately returned from China, has eaten locusts. The mode of cooking is simply to fry them in a pan with a little salt and butter; he says they are very insipid. John the Baptist, probably, merely dried his locusts in the sun. Can any one now doubt that veritable insects formed the food of the Baptist? Why should not locusts be eaten by those nations among whom different kinds occur, just as Englishmen eat shrimps or lobsters, and the French frog's legs or snails? Well have Kirby and Spence remarked, "How apt even learned men are to perplex a plain question, from ignorance of the customs of other countries!"

☞ A lady asked a pupil at a national school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

AGRICULTURAL.

Breaking Kicking Cows.

There is nothing easier than for an animal to be impressed with the idea of cause and effect. The farmer who calls his pigs to dinner, associates in their minds that call and a fine meal. The shepherd teaches his whole flock to come at his word for the salt or meal which he gives them, and so in a hundred other instances. If cause and effect may thus be pleasingly connected together, it may be also in the paying of penalty. This brings me to my mode of treating kicking cows. I first place them in a small yard, and make myself familiar to them, if they are at all wild, by stroking them or feeding them small morsels. This may be continued for some time if necessary. I then commence milking, placing a switch under my left arm, and the pail in my left hand, so as to evade any kick. My great principle is, never to strike but once at a time, no matter what the provocation may be, and always to keep perfectly cool. A single stroke always produces terror but not excitement, and so, therefore, infinitely more dreaded than a storm of blows, which induce a reaction.

When I commence milking, if the animal kicks or attempts to kick, the whip is quickly withdrawn from under the left arm by the right or milking hand, and a single cut is applied to the back of the animal. If she starts to run, another single cut across the face brings her to a standstill. I am especially careful never to strike but once, and the whip is immediately returned to the left arm. The animal is stroked or soothed in a firm pleasant voice, and the milking recommenced. Every repetition of the offence or attempt at the offence, is treated in precisely the same way. It is surprising to one that has not tried this mode, what a short time is required for the animal to understand exactly what is meant. The kick is always sure to be followed by the single dreaded blow, and the animal soon comes to understand that it is undesirable to repeat it. I once met with a cow remarkable for the large quantity of rich, excellent milk which she gave, that was a furious kicker. Very few persons could endure her bad habits, and she had been sold from owner to owner at successively diminished prices. I told her last owner that I could easily cure her; the remark, of course, was received with perfect incredulity. The treatment I have described was given—at the first milking there were some pretty sharp blows from her hoof, which were dexterously evaded, and the single stroke of the whip given invariably in every instance. Before the milking was completed, they had become much less frequent. At the second milking, the animal kicked only twice—and the third none at all—in other words, she was cured, and in *two lessons*—only one-third the time in which certain advertising pretenders offer to teach the French language. Before the operation, this cow was a terror to the milker—her legs were strongly strapped together, a man stood at her head, and the milker worked with a constant fear of some war-like demonstration. Now, she became mild and gentle, never stirred a foot, and with half-closed eyes continued to chew her cud as long as the milking was going on—and she seemed herself entirely satisfied with the change that had come over her.

I never found but one cow that I could not entirely break of kicking—and this was an animal of extraordinary shrewdness, who, seeing my firm and prepared manner, would never kick while I had her in hand, although treating every other person with warlike demonstrations.

If men who manage domestic animals, would exercise a moment's reflection, they would see that their irregular, random and passionate treatment could do nothing else than make them worse. They must adopt a kind, firm, self-controlled manner, and a complete system, faithfully carried out, to produce the desired results.—*Country Gentleman.*

Varieties of Clover.

We condense from the *Genesee Farmer* the following description, by Levi Bartlett, of several varities of clover:

THE PEA VINE CLOVER.—This variety of clover, tree-like, sends off from each stem numerous branches or limbs, each producing one or more heads, which I think is not the case with other kinds of clover. It ripens some weeks later than the western, and may be safely left till timothy or herds grass is fit to cut. It retains its hold in the ground much longer than any of the other varieties cultivated here. It has a much longer and larger root than the western, giving a much larger yield of forage; therefore it is probably the better kind for "ploughing under as a grass crop to enrich" the land than the smaller kinds of clover. A few years since I sowed the seed of this variety in the spring—a part with spring wheat and a part with oats. The next season I had a prodigious growth of forage—estimated at three tons per acre. There was not much diminution in the amount of clover the third season it was cut. It was mown when in the blossom, cured in cock, and was freely eaten by horses, cattle and sheep. They, however, if kept upon it for several days in succession, would reject the large stems, causing some waste. To make the most of such coarse forage, it should be run through the hay-cutter. I saved samples which were over five feet in length.

WESTERN CLOVER.—This, on good land, grows sufficiently large for forage, and in favorable seasons gives two good crops—the first for fodder, the second for fodder or seed. This is generally preferred by our farmers. The large variety gives but a small aftergrowth; therefore, if seed is wanted, it must be obtained from the first crop.

SOUTHERN CLOVER.—This variety is short and fine, being a capital winter fodder for sheep, milch-cows, and young cattle; but the yield is light, and our farmers will not sow it, unless they get cheated into it, as is sometimes the case when they buy it, supposing it to be the western. The next season, however, tells the true story, by the *short* clover and *tall* scolding of the humbugged farmer.

FRENCH, OR LUZERNE CLOVER.—It takes some three years for the plants to get their full growth, and during this long time the June and other tough-rooted grasses overpower the Luzerne, and it becomes nearly exterminated. The only way it can be successfully grown here is on ground uncommonly clear of weeds, and enriched with manure in which there are no seeds of either weeds or grass.

SWEDISH OR ALSIKE CLOVER.—This seems to be a hybrid, between the common red and white clover or honeysuckle. Several years ago I sowed a few rods of land with this kind of seed. I sowed it too thin, thereby giving room for the growth of other grasses. However, for about three years it did well, but eventually the other grasses nearly rooted it out. The stems are small, yielding a large amount of branches, leaves and blossoms, producing a large amount of honey for bees; and for winter feed for sheep I think no better forage plant can be grown. This kind of clover has been largely grown by some Canadian farmers, and highly spoken of by them.

GALLS ON THE BACKS OF HORSES.—It is said that an ointment made of white lead and milk will greatly soothe and heal galls on horses, occasioned, as they frequently are, by a harness that does not fit, or from some other cause. In cases of long standing, it will be necessary to repeat the application daily for a week or more, gently rubbing and stirring the blood about the injured parts. Care must also be observed not to cause fresh irritation by riding or otherwise exciting the wounds.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A WHOLESOME DRINK.—The excessive use of cold water during the sweltering heat of summer often results in serious and alarming illness. It is therefore advisable that some beverage should be substituted for it, of which those oppressed can partake with safety. For this purpose we are aware of no better or more refreshing drink than the following:

Take the best white Jamaica ginger root, carefully bruised, 2 ounces; cream tartar, 1 ounce; water, 6 quarts; to be boiled for about five minutes, then strained. To the strained liquor add 1 pound of sugar, and again place it over the fire. Keep it well stirred till the sugar is perfectly dissolved, and then pour it into an earthen vessel, into which you have previously put 2 drachms of tartaric acid and the rind of one lemon, and let it remain till the heat is reduced to a lukewarm temperature; then add a tablespoonful of yeast, stirring them well together, and bottle for use. The corks must be well secured. The drink will be in high perfection in four or five days. This is a very refreshing and wholesome beverage, and one which may be largely partaken of without any unpleasant results, even in the hottest weather.

HOW TO HAVE SUMMER FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Gather the flowers on a dry day, and before they are fully spread in bloom. To preserve them you need a shiny-lined jar of earthenware, whatever size you will; but let the size be as it may, you must quite fill it. Then sprinkle with good claret or other light wine in which a little salt is mingled. Tie up your vase or jar carefully, and deposit in some safe cellar. You have no more to do but take out your flowers when you will, set them by the fire—and heigh, presto—bloom, life, perfume! Two hundred years ago you might have expired at the stake as a witch, now you are only the astonisher of delighted and admiring friends.—G. C. C.

CHEESECAKE TO KEEP A YEAR.—Take 1 pound of loaf sugar, 6 eggs well beaten, the juice of 3 fine lemons, the grated rind of 2, and ¼ pound of fresh butter. Put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the mixture over a slow fire until it is as thick as honey. Put it into a jar, and you will have it always at hand for making cheesecakes, as it will last good a year.

CIDER VINEGAR.—Take the water in which dried apples have been soaked and washed, strain it well, and add a pound of sugar.

TO MAKE CLEAR COFFEE.—Stir one egg into half a pound of ground coffee, and set away for use as required. No further substance for settling will be needed, and the egg tends to preserve the aroma.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Add two ounces of butter and a little salt to a pint of boiled milk; while tepid, sift in one pound of flour, one beaten egg, one tablespoonful of yeast; beat these all together well; when risen, form the rolls with as little handling as possible. Bake on tins.

TO PROTECT DRIED FRUIT FROM WORMS.—It is said that dried fruit put away with a little sassafras bark (say a large handful to a bushel) will keep for years, unmolested by those troublesome insects, which so often destroy hundreds of bushels in a season. The remedy is cheap and simple.

☞ As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

☞ There is a policeman in every man's conscience, even though you may not always find him on his beat.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 75 letters.

My 34, 53, 1, 39, 17, 34, 28, 59, 25, is a kind of lottery.

My 60, 68, 20, 41, 3, 62, is something every person possesses in their lifetime.

My 1, 29, 11, 4, 2, 25, is sometimes a country, again an article of food.

My 30, 51, 22, 22, 45, is a gift of nature that we can neither purchase or bestow.

My 46, 28, 8, 24, 49, is extremely painful to part with, yet we pay to get rid of.

My 40, 29, 39, 74, 8, 30, 5, 56, 25, is a certain kind of *tea*, said to be indulged in by the ladies.

My 30, 4, 65, 52, 35, 26, 28, 6, is a hideous object, yet considered indispensable by the fair sex.

My 50, 32, 10, 38, 36, 18, is by some idolized, by others termed a nuisance.

My 9, 74, 43, 67, 52, 13, is a useless article without a bow.

My 13, 45, 16, 30, is sometimes agreeable, again distressing, yet always sought for.

My 2, 31, 30, 47, is a favorite boarding-house dish.

My 33, 61, 70, 14, 17, 75, 72, is considered a pleasure by some, by others a crime.

My 63, 71, 23, 42, is a rod of correction, or a support for the infirm.

My 14, 28, 44, 30, 74, 54, 30, are relatives that our Irish help possess in numbers.

My 64, 73, 59, 66, is a part of the human body, often given to another.

My 21, 17, 55, 28, 69, is some one considered particularly fascinating.

My 37, 8, 29, 50, 1, 53, 14, 57, 3, is an article cultivated with great care by gentlemen.

My 19, 68, 30, 65, is an article of clothing, and indispensable to a fire engine.

My 12, 40, 27, 16, is sometimes in the head, again the tooth, ear, and even the heart.

My 6, 68, 35, 30, 58, 13, 30, 15, is relished sometimes by the wisest men.

My whole is a brilliant military exploit, described by an ancient celebrated poetess.

Salisbury, Ill. M. J. C.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 2, 6, 8, 3, 6, 12, is to decrease.

My 3, 6, 7, is a sign of affirmation.

My 10, 1, 4, 6, is a stratagem.

My 12, 11, 4, 13, 6, is what everything has.

My 10, 6, 4, 13, is what everybody needs.

My 9, 3, 10, 11, 13, 6, is to revolve rapidly.

My whole is the name of a very popular Union Major-General. J. B. BRIGGS.

Chelsea, Mass.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, the herald of much ill,
Is oft a warning given
To many running fashion's race,
To fit themselves for Heaven.
My second is well known in law,
And all can understand.
My whole, a berry and a drink;
Is used throughout the land.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in stand, but not in lie.
My second is in great, but not in high.
My third is in gate, but not in bar.
My fourth is in pitch, but not in tar.
My fifth is in hand, but not in face.
My sixth is in spend, but not in waste.
My seventh is in not, but not in got.
My eighth is in decay, but not in rot.
My ninth is in force, but not in speed.
My tenth is in tow, but not in reed.
My eleventh is in horse, but not in plough.
My twelfth is in fight, but not in row.
My thirteenth is in ridge, but not in mound.
My fourteenth is in river, but not in sound.
The death of my whole was universally lamented by the musical world.

Alleghany Co., Pa. H. P. WESTLEY.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose there is cut through the centre of a sphere 20 inches in diameter, a square pyramidal hole whose opposite sides are inclined to each other in an angle of 90 degrees, and just so large that a section of the hole passing through the centre of the sphere, and perpendicular to the axis of the pyramidal hole, shall be 12 inches square. Required, the number of cubic inches taken from the sphere?

DAVID WICKERSHAM.

Clinton Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is desired to divide the number 24 so that the continual product of all its parts may be a maximum. Required, the number of parts, and the value of each part?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is it that always makes man mean? Ans.—The letter E.

☞ What celebrated romance of seven letters can be expressed with four? Ans.—R. K. D. A.

☞ What gentlemen's garments beheaded become grain? Ans.—Coats, oats.

☞ Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten? Ans.—It is out of the head.

Answers to Last.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Virginia F. Townsend. CHARADE—Mad-a-gas-car. RIDDLE—Washington.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, published June 4th.—16 and 64. J. N. Soders, Morgan Stevens, and the author.

☞ "Confusion to the man," as the carpenter said, "who first invented working by candle light." "Ay, or by daylight either," rejoined his apprentice.